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TRUE NOBILITY.

BY J. K. H.

Noble's the man who with riches is blest,
Has a heart that can feel for another;
But nobler still he who himself is distrest,
Yet will help on his still poorer brother.

Noble is he who in the world's fight
Defendeth the weak 'gainst the strong;
Who dareth to challenge his right against might,
Upholding the right against wrong

Noble's the man to whose generous soul
Each honest and true man's a brother;
Whose country's the universe, boundless and free,
Whose religion is "Love one another."

CALM AND STORM

BY PHYLLIS

CHAPTER V.

IF VALENTINE had been led away by an impulse too strong to be resisted when he told Dorothy he loved her, he did not regret the step he had taken. Dorothy's rare beauty and her fresh innocence had stirred his heart and called forth a love equal to her own for strength, if not for endurance. Valentine had often laughed at other men for being such fools, as he phrased it, to allow themselves to be caught, boasting that he could carry a flirtation as far as he wished without any danger to himself; and yet Dorothy, with nothing to boast of save her beauty and innocence, had made him as great a fool as any of the men he had laughed at once as being easily snared.

Dorothy was somewhat awed by her own happiness; it seemed so unreal to her as yet, so much too wonderful to be true; and a thousand doubts and fears presented themselves to her mind as to the wisdom of her engagement. What would Valentine's relatives say when they heard of his choice? And might not Valentine himself regret the step he had taken, or find out in time he had made a mistake? Dorothy did not confide her fears to Valentine, but they gave a certain restraint to her manner and a dislike to being left alone with him. Valentine had asked her to allow their engagement to remain a secret for a few days; and, though she had consented to this, it had not lessened her anxiety.

On the following evening Valentine left the dinner-table quickly, and, making some excuse to Mr. Eyre, went in search of Dorothy, and found her in the sitting-room; but when he entered she rose from her seat and, murmuring some excuse, tried to slip past him, but he suddenly caught her in his arms and prevented her escape.

"Well," he said, as she looked up in some surprise, "I want an explanation of this extraordinary conduct. No, don't laugh; you have been very rude to me all day; and I am going to give you a lecture."

"Why," said Dorothy—"what have I done?"

"Neglected and avoided me shamefully; you have hardly spoken a word to me all day."

"Oh, I'll apologise humbly!" replied Dorothy, laughing; and then she added, growing grave again, "I—I did not know; I thought perhaps you might get tired of me."

"And to prevent that you keep out of my way?"

"Oh, Valentine, are you sure you care about me," cried Dorothy anxiously, "and that you haven't made a mistake? I—mean——"

"You foolish child!" said Valentine fondly, tightening his clasp as he spoke "Why do you ask foolish questions? Of course I don't care a bit about you, and have made an awful mistake there. Now we'll take a turn in the garden, if you are content."

Dorothy turned her head and laid her lips softly on his hand as it rested on her shoulder.

"I wish I were quite sure," she said wistfully, "that I should make you happy. It seems so strange you should like me, Valentine. I never thought there was anything likeable about me."

When they reached the garden they turned by mutual consent into the path leading to the end of the promontory, and wended their way through the dark stems of the fir-trees, Dorothy's hand clasped close in her lover's. When they reached the open space where they had stood the previous night, they sat down by the edge of the lake; and Valentine talked of his plans and hopes, and Dorothy listened, while the silvery water rippled in at their feet with a soft musical rhythm, and the moon, mounting higher in the dark blue heavens, flung down her radiance on the lovers. Dorothy never forgot the magic of that hour, the dark water with its yet darker islands, the vast illimitable heavens sparkling with stars, the dark shadows of the trees thrown so sharply on the ground—all were engraved indelibly upon her mind.

In a few days Valentine's visit was to end. He was then going home, when he would speak to his father on the subject of his engagement, and ask for his consent. Valentine made light of any objections that lay in the way; he was content in his present happiness, and undesirous of looking forward beyond the hour. And Dorothy laid aside her fears and did not let them mar the perfect happiness of the hour.

The next morning a storm sprung up, with heavy showers of rain that swept across the lake and blotted out the islands and the opposite shore. The wind soughed and wailed among the trees, made the ill-fitting window-frames and doors of the Castle rattle, and whirled the first autumn leaves from the branches with a fantastic dance over Dorothy's flower-garden.

Dorothy was too happy to be influenced by any gloom of weather, and she sang and smiled to herself as she dressed and ran down-stairs. When she reached the breakfast-room she found Valentine and her father standing by the window, and one glance at Valentine's face told her that something was wrong. Breakfast was eaten in nearly total silence—indeed, with all three the meal was a mere pretence. When Mr. Eyre had left the room, Dorothy went quickly up to Valentine.

"Valentine, what has happened?"

Valentine caught both her hands and held them tightly, trying to smile at her the while.

"Valentine, tell me at once, why do you look so grave?"

"My darling," said the young man tenderly, and he drew her into his arms, "I have bad news to tell you. I have been ordered to rejoin my regiment at once."

Dorothy had great powers of self-control. She did not cry, but only looked at him with quivering lips.

"I must go," continued Valentine "I could not leave the regiment at such a time, but, oh, Dorothy, my love, how can I part with you?"

Dorothy crept a little nearer to him as if to hold him thus, but she made no reply.

"Dorothy, speak to me," said Valentine, after a pause in which the dreary dashing of the rain was the only sound heard.

"What can I say?" exclaimed Dorothy piteously. "Oh, Valentine, is it not as hard to me?' And then, with difficulty, she added the one word, "When?"

Valentine knew what she meant.

"The boat sails on Friday; I can stay till Wednesday."

"So soon," murmured the girl, and she burst into tears.

"My darling, don't cry," said Valentine, drawing her down beside him on to the deep window seat, and then, still holding her closely to him, he soothed and caressed her with many loving, tender words, until she became gradually calmer.

But as they sat thus, Valentine's mind was crowded with anxious thoughts. This sudden order to return to India had thrown all his carefully-arranged plans into confusion. It was very hard to part with Dorothy, for she had taken stronger hold upon his heart than he had at first thought possible, and his prevailing sensation at that moment was sorrow at the inevitable separation. And as he felt how she clung to him, he realized how much she would suffer in the dreary long days and months that would follow their parting, and then he began rapidly to consider what was to be done.

Could he ask her to allow their engagement to remain a secret during his absence? No. He felt it would be impossible; and yet to avow it at this moment was to plunge him into fresh difficulties. Mr. Eyre would expect him to write and ask his father's consent, which he had no intention of doing. And yet, if their engagement remained a secret, it would place Dorothy in a false position; and immediately his thoughts reverted to Sir William Armstronge. He knew that Mr. Eyre wished Dorothy to marry him, and might she not be over-persuaded in his absence to do what her father wished? Suddenly a wild idea presented itself to his mind, born of this jealous fear. He would ask Dorothy to marry him at once, before he left Ireland. Once his wife, he would have no fears for her future, and their marriage once being an accomplished fact, his father would have to submit to it Rapidly Valentine took in the whole scheme, and the difficulties which would have to be surmounted before its completion. He would have time to procure the license and ring; but would Dorothy marry him without her father's knowledge? He could not tell, and suddenly he spoke.

"Dorothy," he said, bending towards her and speaking very softly, "you love me, do you not? Darling, give me the right to call you wife before I go?"

Dorothy started violently, and raising her white tear-stained face to his, gazed at him wildly.

"I may never come back," continued Valentine. "Oh, Dorothy, I shall go away happy if you will be my wife."

Dorothy listened to his words like one in a dream, who only hears and understands vaguely.

"Oh, Valentine," she cried piteously, "I cannot think now! I do not know what is right. I feel so confused."

"My darling," returned Valentine, "don't refuse me what I ask; it may be the last request. Think, Dorothy, if you were my wife, you could come to me when the war was over. If you only knew how hard it is for me to leave you just now when we were so happy together!"

"I will do whatever you like," said Dorothy, yielding, as she always did, to all his requests; for in this moment of separation his wishes were sacred, like those of one on a death-bed.

And then Valentine entered into his hastily-matured plans. He would go to Dublin that evening and procure a special license. Dorothy would meet him the next day at Wilmar—their nearest town—where they would be married, and, when the ceremony was over, they would return and tell Mr. Eyre. Dorothy listened and consented, scarcely knowing what she did. The suddenness of the intelligence and Valentine's request had rendered her incapable of reflection; her mind felt bewildered and confused. Some sudden darkness had quenched the light, and she could not discern a step before her in the path she had elected to take.

* * * * * * *

That evening Valentine started for Dublin. Left alone, an agony of doubt and fear beset Dorothy. If she only knew whether she was doing right! But her position was so difficult she could determine nothing. It was the first concealment she had ever had from her father, and her conscience told her she was doing wrong.

But then she thought of Sir William Armstronge and the hope which she knew her father entertained that she might yet become Sir William's wife; and she felt she was in some measure justified in taking her present course. But she could not calm her fears or assure herself all would be well; for a dread oppressed her of she knew not what and filled her mind with vague forebodings.

This hurried secret marriage was so unlike what she had pictured to herself of the day when Valentine should claim her that she strove to turn her thoughts away, and rest them upon the man she loved so passionately, strengthening herself with the knowledge that she was giving up all for him; for might it not be, as he had said, his last request, which, if she refused to grant, would fill her with life-long repentance?

Dorothy lay awake all the night, her eyes fixed upon the curtainless windows, watching for the first faint light of dawn—the dawn of her wedding-day. It was a wild windy night, though the sky was light with a waning moon. Dorothy could see the tall dark branches of the trees tossing and swaying against the sky as the wind soughed through them in mournful cadences that, to her excited fancy, sounded like human voices wailing and moaning.

It was just after the old clock on the stairs had struck one that a wild shriek rang out above the howling of the storm. Dorothy sat up in bed and listened intently, and then in a moment it came again—a weird despairing cry, which seemed to echo round the old house.

Dorothy sprang out of bed and ran over to the window which looked out over the hall-door, and, putting her face close to the glass, she peered out; and then with a scream she started back, for, pressed against the window-pane, almost touching hers, was a woman's face, pale and haggard, with long auburn hair streaming in the wind. Wild with terror at the apparition, Dorothy fled out of her room and down the long dark passage to old Molly's room, where, pale and terrified, she knocked and called—

"Molly! Molly! Let me in! I'm so frightened!" And then, as the old woman stood before her, in breathless accents Dorothy told her story.

Old Molly crossed herself and clasped her hands.

"The Holy Virgin protect us! There's sorrow and death coming upon the old house. It's the banshee you have seen and heard, Miss Dorothy. It always comes to the Eyres afore a death."

Pale and trembling, Dolly spent the night with old Molly, too frightened to return to her own room until the sunshine was streaming in through the window.

She dressed herself slowly, trying to realize that it was her wedding-morning. But her nerves were shaken by the fright she had received during the night, and her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely fasten her dress.

She had almost completed the task of dressing when, turning suddenly, her gown caught in the looking-glass which was lying on the table, and with a crash it fell upon the ground, shivered into atoms.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, Miss Dorothy," cried old Molly, aghast, "what misfortune can be going to happen to the family? There's not a worse sign than breaking a looking-glass! Ooh hone, there's trouble coming; take care what you do this day, Miss Dorothy! Some harm will surely happen."

Dorothy could hardly restrain her tears. She felt so nervous and excited; but it was too late now to draw back, even if she wished it. She must go forward, and Fate apparently favored her actions; for Mr. Eyre was summoned away to attend the assizes at a neighboring town, and Dorothy was free to do as she liked. She hardly knew how the morning hours passed; they slipped away with frightful rapidity, while she felt in a dream, so strange and unreal was her state of mind.

The train in which she was to travel left Eyre station at half-past twelve, and at twelve Dorothy set forth. The station was deserted, and, unperceived, she took her place in the train, and soon was being borne swiftly in the direction of Wilmar.

The town was only half an hour's distance by rail, and in a moment, as it seemed to the girl, the train glided into the station. Her heart was beating so quickly, her whole frame trembling so much that it was with difficulty she descended to the platform. Valentine was there looking round for her eagerly, and in a moment was by her side. One glance at her pale face and trembling lips showed how great had been the effort to meet him thus; and, when he spoke, it was in as matter-a-fact tone as he could assume.

"That's right," he said, as they passed out through the station into the street. "I have settled everything, and the church is quite close. Look, here is your ring; I hope it will fit."

Dorothy made no reply, she scarcely glanced at the ring; and the way was traversed in silence till they reached the church; then Valentine caught her hand in his, but Dorothy shrank back.

"Oh, Valentine, why did I come?" she said, in a voice trembling with emotion. "I was very wrong to come."

Valentine did not answer, he only drew her into the church, and did not release her hand until they stood before the altar rails. There was a moment's pause, and then the clergyman came out of the vestry, followed by the clerk and his wife, who were to act as witnesses; and the service began, the solemn words echoing strangely through the empty church.

Valentine's voice was firm and clear, Dorothy's dull and monotonous, as if the words she repeated had no meaning in her ears; but the service was soon over, and Dorothy was Dorothy Eyre no longer, but Dorothy Howard.

Valentine had told the clergyman some of the truth concerning his marriage, and he turned to congratulate Dorothy, looking with sympathy at her pretty pale face; but Dorothy made no response, she seemed in some curious trance or dream, and after a while he disappeared into the vestry, leaving Valentine and his wife together.

Valentine stooped and kissed her.

"Mine," he said softly. "Heaven bless you, dear!"

CHAPTER VI.

AS VALENTINE rowed Dorothy across the lake that evening, she felt as if the events of the day had been a dream, from which she had only now partly awakened. The noisy streets of Wilmar, the quiet church, so dim and cool within, there was no reality in the remembrance of them, they were hazy and indistinct; only for the gold ring on her finger, it might all have been a vision.

It was a dull gloomy evening, sky and water alike leaden hued. On the marshy ground by the water's edge a dull gray mist was lying, and the wavelets of the lake were tossing restlessly hither and thither, as the veering wind sent the tiny squalls in contrary directions. It soughed among the branches of the trees, and rustled the autumn leaves that lay scattered on the ground, as Valentine and Dorothy walked up the path leading to the Castle.

The old building looked mournful and weird in the dark shadows that were settling down round it, and no friendly light glimmered from its narrow windows; all looked cheerless and deserted. Dorothy pushed open the door that stood ajar, and, finding her way over to the stairs, began to mount them quickly, followed by Valentine at a more leisurely pace. She was impatient now till she had told her father, and when she reached the landing she called out—

"Papa, where are you?"

There was no answer, and Dorothy, after a moment's pause, continued her way to Mr. Eyre's sitting-room.

A low turf fire was burning in the grate, and by its dusky light she could see that her father was sitting by the table, his head bowed upon his hands. He was asleep, Dorothy thought, and she went over quickly to his side and laid her hand upon his shoulder. Still Mr. Eyre did not move, and Dorothy, with a sudden fear clutching at her heart, bent over him.

"Papa," she cried, "are you asleep?"—and, as she raised his hand, a sharp cry rang through the room, and Valentine, coming quickly in, was just in time to catch his wife in his arms as she fell forward in a dead faint.

He had seen death often, and it needed but a glance to tell him that Mr. Eyre had passed away for ever. Valentine had gone through many painful moments in his life, but never had he felt more grieved and shocked than now, as he stood in the dusky room holding Dorothy in his arms, as white and motionless as the still form beside him. He never remembered what he did next, but in a few minutes the room was full of mournful lamentation, as old Molly wept over the master she had loved and served so faithfully and long. Dorothy lay in merciful unconsciousness of the blow that had fallen upon her.

Molly, in reply to Valentine's hasty questions, could tell little. The afternoon post had brought one letter for Mr. Eyre, which she had left on his table during his absence; she had not even heard him return; and then she broke into fresh grief.

Valentine, alarmed by Dorothy's lengthened unconsciousness, hastily despatched a messenger for a doctor, and then, leaving her in Molly's charge, he went back to the room where Mr. Eyre lay. The first object his eye rested on was a sheet of white paper lying on the floor, and, stooping, picked it up.

It was a short note, written on foreign paper, and contained the cruel news that Jack, the son he loved so well, was dead. Death had spared him through the horrors and dangers of war, only to take him a little later on by the lingering hand of fever.

Valentine had loved Jack dearly, and, as he read the brief announcement, hot tears blurred the words and made them indistinct. For some time he stood motionless, thinking of Dorothy and all the misery that had so suddenly befallen her.

How was he to tell her she had lost father and brother at one blow? How could he tell her? he asked himself, shrinking even from the thought of the task. The suddenness of Mr. Eyre's death had bewildered and confused his faculties, so that he felt incapable of thinking, and yet so little time was left him in which to plan and act. His love and pity for Dorothy at this moment were so great that he felt as if he could scarcely leave her; and yet the alternative of giving up his profession, his ambition, nay, his honor, was not to be thought of for how could he bear to hear what the world would say of him were he to desert the Army at his critical period?

Nor could he conceal from himself the difficulties into which he would be plunged, if he avowed his marriage with Dorothy. He was heavily in debt, and his father would afford him no help if displeased with an imprudent marriage.

A moment's reflection served to show Valentine that any other course but the one he had formerly resolved upon would be impossible. He must not sacrifice everything for love. And, having arrived at this conclusion, he began to assure himself that, for many reasons, it would be better so.

Dorothy would naturally prefer being alone in such a time of grief, and, though the parting must necessarily be painful, it would have been so at any time. Nor had he any fears as to her future; she doubtless had some relative with whom she could reside during his absence, and who knew what turn Fortune's wheel might not make in the interval? Promotion was speedy in times such as these.

He was roused from his thoughts at this moment by the entrance of old Molly, who, in tearful accents, requested him to go to Dorothy, who had now recovered consciousness.

"Maybe you might say something to comfort her, sir. Oh, but it's a sore trial."

Valentine had perhaps experienced such reluctance to any task as he now felt for the one before him; but he could not refuse Molly's request, and he followed her into the drawing-room, where Dorothy had been carried when she fainted.

The room was all in confusion, the windows open, the lights flaring in the draught. Valentine closed the door, and then went over to Dorothy, who was sitting on the sofa. The girl was deathly pale, her eyes haggard and wild; but there was none of the violent grief he had dreaded to see, for Dorothy as yet had not shed a tear.

Summoning all his courage, he broke the tidings of her brother's death as gently to her as he could, though each word stabbed his heart like a dagger.

Dorothy remained dumb, in agony too great for speech; and Valentine could not tell if his words conveyed any meaning to her mind, or if the first blow had numbed her so much that she was incapable of feeling the second.

"I—I should like to be alone," she said at length, raising herself a little and speaking with the utmost difficulty.

Valentine left her at once, for what comfort could he give in grief such as this? And so the long dark hours of night were away till tardily the dawn broke, and a cold gray light crept over the sky and showed the fog lying heavily on the marshy meadows and lake.

It was the dawn of the day that Valentine was to leave Eyre Castle; in a few more hours he would be far away, and the page would be turned on which had been written so many varied emotions. Shadow and sun, sorrow and joy, all would be done with and put away. And Dorothy lay with sleepless eyes fixed blankly on the broadening light that crept in through the window. She had lain thus during the long night hours, motionless and silent, while an ever-shifting train of confused thoughts passed through her brain.

The light grew brighter, the fog began slowly to lift as a slight breeze sprang up, and a faint watery ray of sunshine came in through the window and flickered upon the wall. Dorothy could catch a glimpse of blue sky with the familiar birch-tree outlined against it; and suddenly she asked herself, Was she still asleep, or what had happened?

At first she could remember nothing from the utter weariness oppressing mind and body; but after a while recollection came back to her, slowly and painfully—her journey to Wilmar, her marriage, her coming home, the dark room, the bent figure, the icy touch of her father's hand—she could recall it all now, only the various events seemed to have happened years ago instead of hours.

At length with difficulty she staggered to her feet and began to dress. She had not tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours, and her head ached and her limbs felt as if weighted with lead. But with frequent intervals of rest she accomplished the task; and then, throwing herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands to shut out the light. Old Molly came in and laid some breakfast by her side; but Dorothy never moved until she returned an hour later later to say that Valentine wished to see her.

When Dorothy opened the door of the room where Valentine was pacing up and down impatiently, she paused on the threshold and clung to the woodwork for support; for she was trembling so violently as to be almost incapable of standing upright.

"You—you wanted me?" she said, speaking with the utmost difficulty; and Valentine, frightened by the death-like pallor of her face, pushed a chair hastily toward her.

"Dorothy, love, does it pain you to see me?" cried Valentine. "I have only such a short time left, and so much to say."

"No," answered Dorothy, and she could say no more; whereupon Valentine began to speak of his plans and arrangements, his hopes and fears, while the girl listened in silence, with a face full of mute despair, and eyes fixed blankly on space. Valentine grew impatient at her silence.

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, "do you hear me? Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, with quivering up and broked utterance. "You—you are going to leave me."

It was not meant for a reproach, and yet Valentine felt it as such.

"My poor little darling, you know I am forced to go, or I would gladly stay with you. You don't need me to tell you so, surely?"

"Oh," cried Dorothy in sharp accents of pain, "why did I leave him? Why was I so wicked? Heaven has punished me for my sin!"

"You must not say that," interposed Valentine quickly. "Remember, it was for my sake—my last request. Don't blame yourself; it hurts me. Oh, darling, we have only a few more minutes to be together; don't spend them in reproaches!"

Dorothy was silent until Valentine stood up to go; and then the spurious calmness suddenly left her.

"Valentine, Valentine," she cried, throwing herself into his arms, "don't leave me! I have no one now but you. Oh!"—her voice failed.

Valentine, raising her, found she had fainted again. Tenderly he laid her down on the sofa, and, with one last kiss on her pale lips, tore himself away. It was better so, he told himself. What use was there in tears and entreaties to which he could pay no heed? And, calling old Molly to come to her mistress, he went down-stairs and out of the house, and in a moment more was on his way across the lake.

He looked back at the wooded promontory and blue turf smoke rising above the trees, at all the familiar objects on which his eyes had rested for the last three weeks. He had been strangely happy in the old gray Castle, and yet a feeling of relief was uppermost in his mind as he caught the last glimpse of its gray turrets and ancient trees.

And, while he was being borne swiftly on his way, Dorothy lay unconscious on her bed, despite all Molly's efforts to restore her. And that evening, as Valentine paced the deck of the Munster, looking back at the Irish coast, which was rapidly disappearing from view, Dorothy was tossing and moaning in the first stage of brain fever.

So she lay for many days, until one evening the crisis came, and sleep succeeded the wild delirium of fever—a troubled sleep at first, but which grew calmer as the night went on. Old Molly, watching by her side, grew anxious; this calm was more alarming to her than all the fever-storm which had preceded it; and, when the door opened noiselessly and the doctor entered the room, she yielded up her seat to him with a sense of relief.

Doctor Deering took a brief glance at his patient, laid his hand gently on her wrist, and then nodded cheerfully at the old woman before he sat down, keeping Dorothy's hand still in his own. It appeared to the watchers as if a long time passed while they sat thus, with only the sound of the moaning wind among the trees and the soft dropping of turf ashes to break the dead stillness in the room. But at length Dorothy stirred, and, with a long sigh, opened her eyes. They fell upon the young man's face; but, though it was a strange one to her, she was too weak to feel any surprise.

"You are all right," he said cheerfully, as she tried to speak. "Drink this and rest again."

And sheer weakness made Dorothy close her eyes, and in a moment she was asleep.

"She will do now," said Doctor Deering to Molly. "Give her plenty of nourishment, and don't let her excite herself in any way."

"Yes, sir," answered the old woman, fidgeting with the corner of her apron and looking away. "But I hope you'll pardon me, sir, if I tell you the way we are in."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir. I was just going to say Miss Dorothy should not be left the way she is without money or friend. And I was thinking, maybe, you'd write to her uncle, Mr. Eyre, as lives in England; he is the only one of the family that's left now; and there's many a thing wanting."

And, with a great deal of hesitation—for Molly always upheld the honor of the family—she confided to Doctor Deering that Mr. Eyre had died heavily in debt to most of the tradespeople about, and that they had now refused to give her further credit.

Charlie Deering's honest face reddened as he quickly drew from his pocket all the money that he had with him, assuring Molly that he would give her as much as she wanted the next time he came. And then, as dawn was breaking, he mounted his horse and rode away, his mind busily occupied.

CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS autumn when Dorothy passed out of the shadow-land of feverish thoughts and fancies, away from the haunting phantoms that had mocked her so cruelly, and back again to the conscious-

ness of her lonely position. It was a slow, painful progress towards health, for each day that passed seemed to bring before her more vividly the loss she had sustained and take away her wish to live.

Doctor Deering came nearly daily to the Castle, and, though Dorothy did not know how much she was indebted to him, she looked forward to his visits as a pleasant break in the long weary days and a distraction to her thoughts. He also brought her books and papers, in which she eagerly sought for news of Valentine, from whom she had only heard twice since his departure.

So Dorothy struggled back to life, and the time came when she was well enough to think of business and form her plans for the future. She must leave the Castle as soon as matters were finally arranged; and, no answer having come to the letter that had been written to her uncle, it was settled that she and Molly should move into a little cottage which stood not far from the Castle, where she hoped to be able to live upon the small sum left to her after her father's debts were paid.

During her illness Sir William Armstronge had frequently called to make inquiries respecting her, and the first day she had descended to the drawing-room a message was brought to her by old Molly that Sir William wished to see her, but that if she were not well enough he would come again.

But Dorothy felt it would be impossible to see him, and sent old Molly back to say she did not wish to receive any visitors. The next day a note arrived in which he renewed his proposal, saying that he was going abroad for some time, and wished for a final answer before he left home.

To this Dorothy replied in a few brief lines, which effectually crushed the last hope Sir William had entertained of inducing her to alter her decision. The following day Dorothy heard he had left Inismore, and so her last friend vanished, and she was left utterly alone.

The last days that Dorothy spent in the old Castle, the home of her lifetime, were dark, dreary days. She was so weak and low in both body and mind that parting with all the familiar objects that happy association made dear was a sore trial, and all the surrounding influences seemed to add to her pain.

It was Christmas time—a time which touches forgotten chords, and brings to the recollection a thousand memories of bygone days, of happy family reunions, and kind thoughts and wishes from lips since dead.

The weather also was gloomy and depressing; it was dark and foggy; and the raw east wind, that came hissing down the lake, crept in at the windows and doors and whistled drearily through the dismantled rooms.

Dorothy spent the day shivering over the fire, her eyes fixed wistfully on the glowing turf that brightened, paled, and turned to ashes, and in it she seemed to see a symbol of her own life, a momentary glow of happiness and brightness and then the cold ashes of despair. The letters she had received from Valentine were all she had to comfort her during these days, and Dorothy read and re-read them till every word was graven on her memory. They were full of loving words, and yet Dorothy missed something—something so slight that she could not define it, though she felt it in her heart—and Dorothy had little else to look forward to save Valentine's letters. Everything around her was vague and unsettled; her reunion with her husband appeared so remote and uncertain that she tried to turn her thoughts away from it. Old Molly had hoped the change of life might cheer her up, and, when they moved into the little cottage which was to be their home, she tried to interest her in the arrangement of the furniture and adornments of the tiny sitting-room; but nothing roused or interested Dorothy, she still sat by the fire gazing blankly before her or reading and re-reading and any war news the papers might contain.

The dark days of winter passed, and spring came. A tender green appeared upon the woods and fields, the air grew mild and full of the odor of moss and violets, the birds twittered among the hedges, the sun shone out stronger and brighter, the atmosphere seemed filled with life and movement; only in Dorothy's heart did winter coil and dark hold sway.

No change had come over her life. Only, as the weather grew warmer, she left the house more, and wandered to the end of the promontory, where, seating herself, she would remain for hours, while memory recalled the time when she and Valentine had stood upon that spot, and he had told her of his love.

It was a pleasant day in April that Dorothy was sitting in her favorite nook by the water's edge, gazing drearily out before her. She was feeling more than usually depressed and sad this spring afternoon, for she had received no tidings from Valentine for an unusually long period, and every foreboding possible had seized upon her mind.

Charlie Derring, who had been in search of her by Molly, paused abruptly when he came upon her and stood gazing at her unperceived.

It was one of summer's days which had come before its time, and the air was laden with the scent of flowers. Dorothy had taken off her hat and thrown it by her side. The bright light showed plainly how white and wan her face had grown, and a sudden pity smote the young man's heart.

She looked so fragile and desolate as she sat there in her sombre dress, the one dark spot on the sunny landscape. Her eyes were fixed intently on the distant shore, where the rough stone pier marked the landing-place, and she did not remove her gaze till Deering spoke her name, and then she started violently and her color changed; but, when she recognized him, he could see no welcome in her face, only disappointment.

"I have brought you some newspapers," he said, when they had exchanged greetings, and he had thrown himself upon the grass at her side. "There has been an awful row in India. No end of our troops killed."

Dorothy's face grew deadly white, a wild look came into her eyes, and she snatched the paper from his outstretched hand. For a moment she could see nothing, as her heart stood still, and the lines danced before her eyes; then suddenly she saw—

"Severe engagement. Heavy British loss. Two hundred killed and wounded."

Wildly Dorothy searched for the list of killed and wounded, and then, after a moment of agonizing suspense, she breathed again, Valentine's name was not amongst the number. Again she read it over, more slowly this time, with the same result, and then she dropped the paper with a sigh of intense relief, though she was still trembling violently from the effects of the alarm.

Deering watched her curiously, and then he stretched out his hand and caught her wrist. Dorothy's pulse was quickly throbbing, and his face grew grave.

"You are feverish still," he said, releasing her wrist and taking her hot little hand into his cool grasp. "You must take things easy, and not excite yourself."

"I was startled," explained Dorothy, trying to smile.

"Do you know any one in India?" inquired Deering, still eyeing her professionally.

"Yes; I have a friend stationed at Rungapore." Though she tried to speak unconcernedly, the hot color flamed in her cheeks.

"How do you like your cottage?" said Deering, changing the subject quickly.

"Oh, pretty well!" replied Dorothy, relapsing into her habitual depressed manner of speech. "It felt so curiously small at first, but I have got used to that now. I suppose one can get used to anything in time."

The young man looked at the grave sweet face and dark eyes that met his so indifferently, and some vague thought began to shape itself in his mind.

"I used to think," the girl went on, "I should be miserable if I had to leave the Castle, and now—now I can imagine no greater torture than being forced to live there."

"Yes; it is a ghostly old place for a solitary person to live in. I dare say you are more cosy where you are."

"Oh, yes; it will do very well for a short time!"

"Why?" asked Deering quickly. "Are you going away?"

"I don't know. I may go away soon; but everything is uncertain at present. I think I had better go home now."

When they entered the plantation, Dorothy's heart throbbed painfully. It was the same walk she and Valentine had trod together on that memorable evening. Just in the spot her hand had lain in his, his voice had murmured tender words; and hot tears rose to her eyes and blurred the scene around her, as she thought how changed her life had become since. Then she had been surrounded by all she loved best, and now she was alone—alone but for this stranger who walked by her side, and whose presence brought a sense of irritation to her. He might be a trusty friend, to whose good nature she was indebted; but he was country-bred, and uninteresting, and, oh, how unlike Valentine!

When they reached the gate of the little cottage, Dorothy paused, and Deering, after a glance at the girl's face, which was white and weary, held out his hand and said good-bye.

Dorothy bade him farewell gladly, and turned away; the young man gazed after her wistfully, like a faithful dog looking after his mistress, who has bidden him not follow her.

When Dorothy entered the sitting-room of the little cottage, she at once threw herself into a chair, and began eagerly to read the war news.

It was not long before she came upon a short paragraph in which it was stated that Valentine's regiment had been ordered to the front, an engagement being imminent.

The paper slipped from Dorothy's grasp, and fell unheeded upon the floor.

As she covered her face with her hands, the hot tears trickling down through the slender fingers, she felt so weak and so ill-fitted to cope with any new anxiety or misfortune, that the thought of the suspense and dread about Valentine's safety, which she knew must follow, completely disheartened her.

Since her father and brother's death, her love had concentrated upon Valentine—he was the only object she had left on earth to love, to pray for, and to think of—their reunion, the sole hope of her life, and yet fate had cruelly parted them thus.

Suddenly Dorothy fell upon her knees, and prayed for Valentine in this hour of danger—prayed for him that he might be preserved safely, and for herself that she might be granted strength in this hour of trial.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT OILS.—There are two kinds of oils, one bearing the name of fixed oils, and the other that of essential or volatile oils. The former, which include also fats, are sometimes a thin liquid, like olive oil, and sometimes a solid, like lard or beef tallow. They will all melt at a lower heat that is needed to boil water, but they cannot be distilled—that is, heat will not turn them into a vapor which, when cold, will turn back into oil again. This is why they are called fixed oils.

On the other hand essential oils—so named because they contain the essential part or essence of the plants from which they are made—will all pass off in vapor at common temperatures or heats. For this reason they are denominated volatile oils. Fixed oils are obtained from both animals and vegetables. Lard, butter and tallow are the most important solid animal fats, while palm oil, cocoanut oil and butter of cocoa are the chief solid vegetable fats.

The most useful fluid oils obtained from animals are sperm and other whale oil, and those procured from the cod, seal, shark, porpoise and dolphin. The fluid vegetable oils may be divided into two classes drying and non-drying oils. Linseed, walnut, poppy and hemp are the chief instances of the first named variety. Of the latter the principal are olive, almond, colza, peanut, cotton-seed and mustard-seed oils. Essential oils are lighter than water, will not mix with it, but with ether and alcohol, they will burn.

In all these respects they resemble the fixed oils, but are different from them in that they pass off into the air in the form of vapor at common heat, and they leave no greasy stain on paper after drying. They are procured from plants by distilling the flowers, wood or other part of the plant containing the oil with water. The vapor of the oil mixed with that of the water, passes over into a vessel called the condenser, in which all the vapors are cooled and the oil settles and floats on the top of the water.

Essential oils require to be kept in close vessels, to prevent their passing off in the form of vapor. They are principally employed in making perfumes, the flavoring of confectionery and liquors, and in medicine. The essential oil of turpentine distilled from ordinary turpentine is a very valuable article, because it dissolves the resins and unvulcanized india-rubber. Its principal use is in the manufacture of varnishes. Various gums, resins, spices and seed produce other essential oils that are turned to account in many ways.

A "MASHER" in South Amboy, N. J. thought he had fallen up against the pitcher of the local ball nine when he attempted on Saturday night to kiss Miss Hattie Fraser, of that town. It has since been explained to him that she is one of the best boxers in the place.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE STORK.—Arabians have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop, they believe the happiness of that household is insured for that year.

THE KIWI.—The kiwi of New Zealand lays an egg which weighs fourteen and a half ounces, and the contents thirteen ounces. The living bird weighs only sixty ounces, so that the weight of an egg appears to be nearly equal to one-fourth of the whole weight of the bird.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Holland it is customary, when there is infectious disease in a house, to notify the fact to intending visitors and the public generally by exhibiting on the door a small placard (obtainable at the town-hall), which indicates the nature of the disease.

THE GOOSE.—French peasants will keep a goose fresh for twelve months by cutting the bird into joints, placing it in an earthen pot, and filling all the interstices with hog's lard. When they feel an appetite for goose, they withdraw as much as they want from the pot, carefully filling the cavity with more lard.

CUCKOOS.—Of the many stories told of the cuckoo, a German legend says that he is a bewitched baker or miller boy. In a scarce season he robbed poor folk of their dough in the oven, drew it out, plucked some off, and every time cried out as he did so, "Kucknck!"—"Look, look!" He was therefore punished and turned into a thievish bird, who continually repeats the cry.

CHINESE COBBLERS.—In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending. In certain parts of Asia Minor it is nothing unusual for a pair of shoes to be handed down from generation to generation, being worn only on state occasions, and carried in the hand by the proud possessor on Sunday.

WATER WEEDS.—That strange water-weed, the bladder-wort is carnivorous, like some of those sinister tropical plants which seek what meat they may devour. The tiny bladders attached to the leaves and leaf-stalks are each furnished with a door, the whole acting on the eel-trap principle. Any small water-creature that ventures to peep in is seized in the clutches of the murderous plant, and straightway is swallowed and assimilated.

IN THE SOUP.—For ages the slang phrase or its equivalent, "in the soup," has in one form or another been in use among the Germans. "He sits in the soup" is used to indicate the situation of a man in misfortune by his own fault. "He has made a nice soup for himself" is used to indicate a ludicrous or ridiculous position in which one is placed by himself. "He must eat his own soup," with other expressions of this kind, is still in common use throughout Germany.

LEMONS.—The introduction of the lemon-tree into Europe is due to the Caliphs during their invasion of the West. The lemon thus transplanted was found by the Crusaders in Syria and Palestine towards the end of the eleventh century. By them it was introduced into Sicily and Italy, though it is probable at the same period it was already grown in Africa and Spain. Arabian writers of the twelfth century speak of the lemon-tree as being at that time known in Egypt and many other places.

OSTRICHES.—Ostriches have three breeding seasons a year. The male digs a nest in the sand, where the female deposits an egg every other day until from ten to twenty are laid. Then the obedient male bird takes the main care of the nest, sitting from three P. M. till eight A. M., when the female sits till afternoon. Each nest is seven feet wide by three deep. A singular fact, not hitherto noted, is that the male, who sits at night, is black, while the female, who sits by day, is gray, each being adapted to its environment by color protection. After the chicks are hatched, the male takes care of them, even to brooding over them at night. Occasionally he contrives to steal a few chicks from another male, and then there is a row.

FOX TERRIERS AND ELEPHANTS.—The visitor to menageries often wonders why fox terriers are sometimes to be found in the enclosures with the elephants. It is simply because, if they were not there, the rats, which are many and large, would eat the feet of the elephants off. The elephants are chained, and, when they lie down, they cannot keep the rascally rodents from gnawing their feet. So a fox-terrier is kept with them, whose business it is to see that the rats are driven away, or to kill as many as possible. The elephants appreciate the dog too. In one case lately the rats began to gnaw holes in the thick hide of the rhinoceros. So a terrier was placed with this beast, and in one night killed twenty-seven rats. Rats are one of the greatest pests which the keepers have to fight.

A RECENT advertisement in a country newspaper reads thus: "For sale a bull-terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

NOTHING TO DO.

BY J. B.

There are women and men in the world, not a few,
Who live upon day-dreams, with nothing to do;
They visit, they gossip, advise you, in fine;
But business and work are quite out of their line.

They lack not some virtues, but study the art
Of playing life's game without taking a part;
They do not have wealth; and I wish that I knew
How they glide on so smoothly with nothing to do.

If others have multiplied duties and care,
They are not aroused, and they feel no despair;
Some vocation or other they surely could find,
Except that strict labor is not to their mind.

'Tis a curious misjudgment, for action is best,
And those only who work have the solace of rest;
The dismalest life that a soul can pursue
Is to live in a world where there's nothing to do.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED.)

VANE, as has been remarked several times in the course of this veracious history, was not overburdened with brains, and he continued to stare at Milly's shrewd little face for some moments in silence; then suddenly the blood mounted to his face and his eyes began to flash.

"Do you mean—is that so?" he gasped.

Milly nodded.

"Yes; my father's a lawyer; one of the clever ones. It is so. He says it, and——"

Vane caught her in his arms and lifted her bodily from the packing-case.

"You—you dear sweet child!" he cried, and kissed her.

Then he rushed off and disappeared through the garden-door, and Milly, half crying, half laughing, sank back murmuring—

"I don't wonder at Nora's loving him."

Vane rushed into the garden as if he were in search of burglars. For a moment he saw nothing; presently he caught a glimpse of a figure at the edge of it, and just disappearing in the shrubbery. The moon was shining, and it showed that the figure was Nora's. He ran towards it and stood before her with outstretched arms. She shrank back and almost dropped the bunch of flowers, and regarded him as one regards a—well-loved and much-to-be-desired ghost.

"Nora!"

"Vane!"

He looked at her; the moonlight fell upon a very different—and yet the same—Nora to that which he had seen at the end of the bridge at the Witch's Cauldron. That was a half wild girl with hair flying loosely in the breeze, with uncouth, though graceful gestures; this was a refined and elegant woman, though still in her girlhood, whose beauty had developed and become perfected, whose eyes shone with a light in which dignity and sweetness were combined like some exquisite harmony in music. As his gaze rested on her his love for her and—yes, his pride in her, swelled within him. She was a queen of loveliness and grace. And she was his, his, his! His very own!

"Why—why—have you come?" she faltered.

"I have come for you," he responded.

She shook her head.

"No, Vane. Not for me, there is another—Lady Florence."

He laughed.

"There is no Lady Florence, in that sense!" he retorted. "It is you for whom I have come. Come to me, Nora."

She held back.

"I am going away," she said with her head drooping, her hands clasped over the flowers, "I am going away for a long time, Vane."

"All right," he said cheerfully, but with a fierce, feverish kind of repression.

"You must forget me, Vane, I am not fit to—to——"

The tears came into her eyes.

"In—deed!" he said with the same repression in his voice, his manner.

"No. You—you must forget that—that you ever met me."

"Yes!"

"Yes; and—will you not come back to the house? I am sorry, oh, I am sorry that you have come!"

"I'm not," he said. "Yes, we'll go back to the house, Nora? Will you take my arm?"

She shook her head, and moved away from him slightly. She would not yield an inch, she told herself. He walked beside her in silence—a strange silence—into the hall, and she was steering her way towards the drawing-room when Mr. Lester and Milly came out.

"How do you do, Lord Westleigh?" he said.

Vane shook him by the hand cordially, and Nora clutched Mr. Lester's arm.

'Oh, tell him that—that it is of no use!" she urged; "tell him to—to go away; that I am going away——" she leant forward on Mr. Lester's arm.

"What's that?" said Vane.

"She says she is going away."

'She is quite right," said Vane, with a fire flickering in his eyes, "she is going away; going up to London—with me. We are going together."

Nora raised her head and looked at him with a kind of amazement at his audacity.

"Oh, no, no!"

"I beg your pardon, it is oh yes, yes!" he said in exactly the same manner. "I am quite ready when you are. Run and get your things on——"

Then his fiercely playful tone broke down; he strode forward and caught her by the waist and pressed her to him, and kissed her passionately and in a masterful way that made Milly's eyes grow like saucers.

"What!" he exclaimed, and the old tone rang in his voice. "You talk of leaving me! Why, I forbid it! A wife should not desert her husband."

With a sharp cry Nora hid her face on his breast, and, as it were, yielded all in a moment, his strong arm surrounding her like a fortress, in which she was secure against all the shafts and arrows in the world.

"Oh, papa, papa, isn't he delicious, isn't he simply lovely?" exclaimed Milly, with tears of ecstatic delight in her voice as well as her eyes. "Let us come away!"

* * * * * *

There was another—a proper wedding, as Milly called it, though a very, a very quiet one a few days later. It took place in an out-of-the-way church in London, and there were only present, besides the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Lester and Milly and the pew-opener.

The clergyman was an exceedingly nice old gentleman, one who would have considered it quite wicked to forego the little joke about the bride signing her name for the last time; but he was exceedingly astonished when he saw that, obeying her husband's orders, she had signed not only Nora Vale, but "Nora Tempest."

"Why—how is this, my dear lady?" he asked, blinking at the signatures. "Are these all your Christian names—or—or what is your surname?"

Nora blushed and hung her head, and Vane, with her hand upon his arm, exclaimed—

"She has two, sir. We were married in Scotch fashion some months ago, but we wished also to be united in the usual English way," and he explained to the old gentleman.

"Dear, dear me!" he said. "Tut, tut! How remarkable! But you have done quite right. Oh yes, you were man and wife safely enough, for the Scotch marriage was binding. It is shameful that it should be—oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon—but it is shameful, and this is the only case in my knowledge in which the strange law or custom has been of distinct service. All the same I am glad you are properly married and——" he smiled, "I'm not surprised, my lord, that you should be anxious to have a double set of chains to bind you to so beautiful and charming a bride."

CHAPTER XLI.

THEY were away on their bridal trip until the Spring was smiling and laughing over meadow, hill, and dale—even over dear old London, which on the afternoon they entered it shone as brightly and as gaily as if it had got up a special sunset to welcome them back.

No doubt both of them would have liked to have driven from the Charing-cross Station to a quiet hotel in a hansom; but Fate had decreed that they should possess a great name, a huge house in St. James' square, and a tremendous carriage, which the butler had, of course, sent to meet them.

Fortunately it was an open carriage, and so not much inferior to a cab, and probably in all London there was not a handsomer or a happier young couple than the Earl and Countess of Westleigh, who, sitting side by side, and sometimes hand in hand, looked out at the familiar streets and the throngs of people as the superb horses dashed along.

"Are you glad to be back, dearest?" he asked after awhile, as they neared the quieter Pall Mall.

"I was just asking myself the question—don't you think the people can see you are holding my hand, Vane? I'm sure I noticed a lady smile as we passed her—and I'm not certain whether I am or not. It has been such a lovely time," she sighed happily; "but then it will always be a lovely time while you are near me, dear."

"Better be quiet," he said threateningly, "or I shall feel in duty bound to kiss you, and then we shall lose our characters with the servants, and probably be seen by a policeman and taken in charge. Anyway, if we don't like it, we needn't stop long. We can go to Westleigh, or Barton, or Vale Hall, for instance."

"Yes," said Nora in a slightly graver and more thoughtful voice. "Vane!"

"Well?"

"Do you think—no, I can't say it! I cannot!"

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded. It was the first time since their marriage, their "real" marriage, that he had heard a note of apprehension in her voice. "What is it—oh, I think I can guess."

"Never mind, dear, and yet—ah, yes, it is better to speak out. We are never to have a moment's concealment, are we, Vane? Do you think that any one will—will know me, remember me?"

Her voice had sunk to an almost inaudible whisper.

He looked at her long and as steady as his passionate admiration would permit him. Happiness had wrought a change in her. Her face was fuller, the wonderful eyes brighter and shining with quiet joy; the black hair was long and bound in a thick coil at the back of the shapely head; she was dressed, not gorgeously, but richly, and in perfect taste; the tone of the voice had altered, grown sweeter, softer.

"Be at rest," he said quietly, but emphatically. "No one—no one would know you."

They were silent for a moment or two, and in that moment or two there was a block in the street, and the carriage came to standstill. Two gentlemen came down the steps of a fashionable club opposite; they were arm in arm, and talking cheerfully. They were the "Baby" and Lord Clenham. At sight of the couple in the carriage they stopped short and raised their hats.

"Hullo, Vane!" exclaimed the "Baby" in delighted accents. "Oh, I'm awfully glad to see you back!"

Vane shook hands, then he looked at Nora.

"My wife," he said, introducing her. The light was full on the lovely face, grown suddenly a little pale. The two men looked at her in silent admiration for a second, then raised their hats again and bowed, and the "Baby," whom Beauty could draw by a single hair, moved round to her side of the carriage and talked to her.

"Any news?" asked Vane, but on the alert.

"N—o, not much." He retailed some; then he added: "Oh, you've heard about Lady Florence, I suppose?"

"No," said Vane, with a glance at Nora, who he saw was listening.

"She's married—married to Count Serge the Russian; you remember? Great match, but by George! I don't envy her. Serge is jealousy personified, and they say that she won't be permitted to cross the Russian frontier for at least twenty years. Can't bear her out of his sight. Rather a bore for the divine Florence, I should think. You heard of the sensation her picture made? Read it in the papers, of course?"

Vane nodded.

"Yes."

"Tremendous jump up for—what's his name?—Senley Tyers. Everybody raving about him. Might have been the lion of the season, but somehow he seems to have preferred to sulk in his den. Nobody has seen anything of him for months past. Well, the street's clear, and we mustn't keep you." I shall have the honor of calling upon Lady Westleigh very shortly."

As he and "Baby" went off, the latter exploded into ejaculations of admiration.

"Clenham, that is the loveliest woman that ever lived, and, I'll wager my life, the sweetest!"

"For once, 'Baby,' I'm afraid I can't contradict you," retorted Clenham sententiously.

"You see," said Vane in a low voice as the carriage rolled on, and Nora sank back. "You see, you are safe, quite safe, dearest."

"Yes," said Nora, with rather a curious smile. "If he does not recognize me, no one will. Do you know——" she laughed a little shame facedly, "I'm a wee bit disappointed! The 'Baby' and I were such good friends!"

In another minute or so the carriage pulled up at the door of Westleigh House.

It flew open, and Milly, almost leaving her father's hands, stood with outstretched arms to greet her restored friend.

After dinner that evening, after the four had talked as if they had been parted for years instead of months, Vane went up to his room and put on his overcoat.

He had been thinking a great deal during the meal—notwithstanding the chatter—and his thoughts had been concentrated on the subject of Nora's fears.

He felt certain that not one of the "boys," or the other persons who met "Ernest Mortimer," would recognize the Countess of Westleigh as that attractive young man. As for Lady Florence she was immured in Russia; and, indeed, if she had been still moving in London society, there were reasons why she should remain silent.

But there was one other person who knew of the "Ernest Mortimer" episode in Nora's life, one who had used it for his own base purposes—who might chance to do so again. That other person was Senley Tyers, the false friend, the Judas whom Vane had spared at Nora's entreaty. He had seen nothing of him since the day before that on which Vane and Lady Florence were to have been married; had heard nothing of him. He had no desire to see him again, no desire even to punish him; for great happiness wipes out the longing for vengeance, especially in such a heart as that of Vane's.

But would it not be well to see him once—just once again, and drop him one word of warning? He decided that it would, and, with a cigar in his lips and a thoughtful expression on his happy face, he walked slowly to Mount street.

The servant looked rather surprised when Vane asked for Mr. Senley Tyers.

"I—I don't know whether he's in, sir," she said. "Master sees no one. I'll go and ask. What name, sir?"

She was a new maid.

"Never mind," said Vane, "I am an old——" No, he could not utter the word "friend." "I know Mr. Tyers very well; I'll go up——"

"But—sir," she began reluctantly, nervously; but Vane passed her and went slowly up the stairs and opened the studio door.

A faint odor floated out to meet him, the odor of drugs he had once before noticed in the room. By a shaded lamp he saw Senley Tyers standing by the easel at work. Vane approached—Tyers did not appear to hear him—approached close enough to look over his shoulder. On the canvas was a confused mass of color, a night-mare of discordant shapes and shades; a blotch composed of thousands of laborious blotches, one of which Senley Tyers was at that moment carefully putting on.

"Tyers," said Vane sternly.

At the sound of the familiar voice Senley Tyers turned, but he did not start, though Vane did, for the face that met his view had undergone an awful change. It was as white as leper's. The protruding cheek-bones, the hollow eyes, the unkempt mouth, with its white lips, were like that of a skin-clothed skull.

Vane shrank back, startled, horrified.

"Good Heavens, Sen!" he exclaimed, all his just anger, his natural loathing for the traitor wiped out by the sight of that dreadful human mask.

"Hallo, Vane!" was the response, the voice coming from the hollow chest like a dull echo from a cavern. "Just back from the Witch's Cauldron? Well, and did you find the witch? Have you brought her back with you for me to paint? No use; no use, dear boy! I am too busy. I would not paint the Queen upon her throne if the House of Lords itself offered me the commission. Do you know what I'm doing?" He approached Vane and whispered cautiously, "I'm painting her. Her! Hush! I'll tell you. But you will have a cigarette? Sit down, I'll give you some wine. Do you find it cold? The room's cold, I think. I'm always freezing." He went to the cabinet, and brought out the flagon of wine as of old; as of old, put them on the table; and gently, affectionately, pushed the horrified Vane into the luxurious chair. Then he lit a cigarette and fell into the old

attitude, as a skeleton might be supposed to assume an attitude of its old fleshly living form. "Some time ago her ladyship refused to take a handkerchief from my hand. Refused! I swore that some day she should pick up mine on her knees; that she should throw those lovely arms of hers about my neck, and pray, with tears of blood, for the love she had thrown away, spurned, spat and trodden on. See? And I'll keep my oath! Do you know how? You'll laugh when I show you."

He beckoned to Vane to approach the canvas.

"Look!" he said in a whisper, and, laying one skeleton hand on Vane's shoulder, he pointed to the blotched canvas with the other. "Look! Isn't she lovely? Was there ever, since God first made woman as a scourge for us, a lovelier face? And she is to be mine. Mine! Mine!" He thrust his face close to Vane's. "I'll tell you how. Vane Tempest"—he laughed—"she loves him! But you know that. Now, don't you think I'm clever? Don't you think she'll wish she'd taken that handkerchief?"

The feeble ending, the bathos of unmistakable madness, was more terrible to Vane than the commencement of the delirious speech. He drew back, shuddering.

"Sen," he managed to say at last, "you—you are ill! For Heaven's sake come awa from that—that picture! Sit down! Listen to me!"

What could he say or do? Was the poor wretch alone in his madness—alone and unprotected, uncared for? Something swept against his legs, and he shuddered again. It was Tiger, the cat, almost as wasted as its master. It looked up at Vane, and mewed piteously.

"Vane, I have genius," Senley Tyers went on, still standing and gazing in a kind of rapture at the smudged canvas. "Though I am from the gutter you picked me out of it; do you remember? But the world shall acknowledge my genuis. It will when it sees that picture. It is a glorification of Woman; and she, whose face shines like an angel from that canvass, is to be my wife; for I've won her, Vane, won her from you! I have held her in my arms, my lips have kissed those divine ones. She is mine—mine—mine!"

His voice grew weaker and weaker at each repetition of the word, and he staggered slightly.

Vane approached to support him, but he waved him off.

"All—right. I—I have been working too long, I think. But it is not work thrown away. Look at it! Does she not breathe—move! My Goddess, my love, my proud Florence!"

As he spoke he drew a phial from his waistcoat pocket, and swallowed some of the contents. A moment or two afterwards a look of intelligence came into his sunken eyes. They wandered round the apartment, then fell on Vane. He started back, and clutched the curtains, supporting himself by them. Then he drew himself up, and with his eyes fixed on Vane's horrified ones, said in a low, distinct voice—

"Have you come to kill me?"

Vane went to him, took him by the arm, and forced him into a chair.

"No," he said. "Sit still. Drink that wine." He poured out a glass "Man you are ill—very ill! Do you know how bad you are?"

Senley Tyers smiled up at him—an awful smile.

"Better than you do, Vane," he said, with perfect calmness.

Vane stood shocked, speechless, as a man must do under such circumstances.

"I am dying. But that's not all; I am dying by inches—and brain first! I suppose, by the look of your face, you have come upon me in one of my fits. Cover that canvas up, will you?"

Vane obeyed.

"I have been at work on it—at work!" he laughed—"for four days; I always begin it at the commencement of one of my fits. Can you do anything for me? Yes; kill me. Oh, Vane, Vane," he stretched out his wasted hands, "if one spark of the old friendship lingers in your breast, if I have not slain it outright and for ever, have mercy on me, and kill me! To die by the inch, and mad! I—I—to die mad! I, who was so proud of this brain of mine, the cunning of these hands. I, who played with all like so many puppets. Mad!"

He put his hand to his waistcoat, and drew out the phial again, but Vane stopped him.

"What is that?" he demanded, as sternly as he could. "You shall not take it! You must see a doctor—you must——"

"Must what?" came the despairing response, as he flung the phial in the fireplace. "It is empty. I must get some more."

He hid his face in his hands for a moment, then looked up again.

"You have brought her back?" he asked in a low voice.

Vane nodded.

"You are happy? But there is no need to ask. Yes, it is all right. You have your deserts. She is good, Vane, good as gold. I would ask you to ask her to forgive me, but it isn't necessary. She has forgiven me long ago. Some women are born with an angel's heart in their bosoms, and some—with no heart at all. She—" Vane knew he meant Florence—"she is married! But I can't talk of her, though I think of her all day and night. That's because I'm mad, you see! No sane man is as constant as I am. . . What are you waiting for?"

Vane stood by him for a moment or two. If the truth must be told, there were tears in Vane's eyes. You see he remembered only Senley Tyers, the friend—not the traitor and Judas.

"Get to bed, Sen," he said. "I'll bring a doctor—a nurse."

Senley Tyers shook his head.

"No occasion," he said. "I shall not be ill worse than I am for some days now. I know how long the fits lasts. Not all the doctors or nurses in the world can do anything for me. Only that—" he pointed to the shattered phial—"can give me relief, and it is she who has helped to steal my brain and kill me. Go now. It was good of you to come. Wait!" A gleam of his old penetrating intellect shot into his eyes. "You came to exact a promise of my silence. I give it you. Good-night! No, don't shake hands. It is too much to ask, I know, and you are no hypocrite, Vane—no Judas, like me!"

Vane took his hand and wrung it, then laid a card on the table.

"Send to me at any time, and I will come," he said. "I will come to-morrow without your sending. Good-night—Sen."

His eyes blinded with tears, he got to the door, and departed.

Later that night, when he was sitting alone with Nora, telling her as much as he dared of the awful scene, a servant discreetly knocked, and entered with the card of a famous doctor of the locality.

Vane went out to him.

"I have just left Mr. Senley Tyers, the artist, Lord Westleigh," he said gravely. "He asked me, as a last favor, to bring this card to you. He is dead!"

Vane started.

"So soon!"

He took the card; it was his own. On the back of it was written the line from Hamlet: "The rest is silence!"

"There was a message also," said the doctor; "a strange message. 'Tell Lord Westleigh,' he said, and they were the last words the poor fellow spoke, 'that I was sane when I died, and remembered his forgiveness!'"

[THE END.]

MEISSONIER AND THE TABLE CLOTH.—Mr. Sala tells a good story of Meissonier in connection with a damask table-cloth. The artist had become celebrated, and was beginning to make money, when he got a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of posing as an art patron, but slightly penurious. One day Meissonier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the table-cloth. "One could draw upon it," he remarked; and, suiting the action to the word, he produced a pencil, and made on the snowy nappe a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The "economical swell" had the head carefully cut out of the damask, and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterwards Meissonier again breakfasted with his patron, and found by the side of his plate at the corner of the table assigned to him a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders, with a penknife and some India-rubber. While the guests at the conclusion of the repast were enjoying ther coffee and cigarettes, the host saw with delight "from the corner of his eye" that Meissonier was hard at work on the table-cloth—this time with a superb little full-length of a mediæval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the "economic swell" rushed back to the salle-a manger to secure his treasure; but, alas, the painter had shown himself as economical as his patron! He had made disastrously good use of the penknife, and one corner of the table cloth was gone, halberdier and all!

COTTLE, in his Life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident: "I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness with difficulty; but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's neck must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for he said it was a downright impossibility for such a huge os frontis to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this instant a servant-girl came near, and, understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master, said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this;' when, turning the completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

COLTSFOOT.

A YOUNG Dutch miller, a long while ago, having a taste for painting, amused himself in his hours of leisure by representing the landscape amid which he lived. The mill, the cattle of his master, the beautiful verdure, clouds, smoke, light or shade, were all portrayed with an exquisite touch.

This artist, it seems, became celebrated and a rich man, notwithstanding that he was once a poor miller.

An artist of celebrity stopped at his inn, and, admiring the truth of the landscapes, offered a large sum, and promised to take all that this young man could produce.

The eye of the celebrated artist who made the purchase was not vugar, for he could appreciate the genius of the poor miller, who was modest.

Who would believe that plants have the same fate as man? only that the latter require a patron to appreciate them.

The tussilage, or coltsfoot, would, perhaps, have for ever remained at the foot of Mount Pila, blooming in obscurity, if the great botanist, M. Villan de Grenoble, had not discovered and appreciated this little gem of the vegetable kingdom.

Had it been the tall, majestic lily, whose graceful white flowers are towering upward to the skies, or the beautiful rose of Sharon, or the lily of the valley, which is spoken of by King Solomon, it then might have had many admirers. But it was none of these consequential beauties of the floral world.

No, no! Had it been the Peruvian heliotrope, whose lilac-colored flowers continue to bloom nearly the whole year; or the tall magnolia, with its green, spreading leaves and pearly-white fragrant blossom that enraptures our senses upon approaching it, then the coltsfoot might have been overlooked.

The fragrance of the heliotrope is said by the Orientals to elevate their souls toward Heaven; the odor is so strong and exhilarating that it produces intoxication.

But the little flower which has excited our admiration is none of these majestic and towering plants of its kingdom that even excite the admiration of kings and the inspiration of poets.

But it is a plain, diminutive yellow flower, deriving its name from tussis, a cough for which the plant is reputed a remedy.

It belongs to the composite family, and grows in clusters, as the violet, cowslip, mimosa, and many other plain flowers. To describe it minutely, it bears a beautiful yellow blossom, woolly when young, but very fragrant.

The botanist to whom we owe its discovery calls it the perfume-plant. It was first found at the foot of a hill, growing in obscurity, no eye to gaze upon its beauties but the great eye of Providence which had transplanted it on the globe, and the eyes of angels whose watchful care is even attracted to flowers.

Here were beauty and elegance hidden at the foot of a mountain, whose soil was rarely trod by man; yet the spot was found, the flower was not gazed upon by "vulgar eyes," but glanced at by one of an appreciative mind, and one who said, "Justice shall be done you."

Therefore, the botanist, Villan de Grenoble, knew how to appreciate the humble little flower of which we write. He gave it a distinguished rank in his works; and since then the tussilage has been cultivated with care, and perfumes as the violet, lily of the valley, and mignonette, every place or corner of the globe where it blooms.

Its smiling blossoms peep up from the solitary nook, in the meadows, or in the cultivated gardens; it blooms at seasons when all other flowers have disappeared. Is not such a blossom worthy of all admiration and attention? Most assuredly it is.

Can we not with pleasure cast our minds back to the days of youth, when we strayed through the meadow or wild wood, and heard the singing birds, and the hum of bees, gathering the wild flowers that grew on the bank or in the valley? Ah! yes—yes. Linked with many fond associations may be the simplest flower.

They bring back to us a thousand bright recollections of sunny days and youthful hours, when a fair, unclouded future lay before us.

Ah! 'twas when we strolled the wild wood and the river's brink, watching the sparkling, dashing waves that came bursting almost at our feet, that we loved flowers.

Even on "the wild sea-bank" we fancy now we see the prickly cactus, whose species are many; it grows on the barren sand, fanned by the salt sea-breezes, as prolific as in a garden. How often we gathered them in our childish rambles!

Often when depression and sorrow dims our eyes with tears, and our mind wanders back to youth and innocence, to days when our hopes were bright, and joy sat on each feature, we call to mind the past, and feel as though we wish we were a flower to bloom but a season, then to pass away.

Such are, at times, the sad reflections of human nature. Yet we must not feel melancholy under any circumstances, but remember the words of our Saviour when He spoke of the flowers. He told his disciples to look at the lily; it toiled not, neither did it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Therefore we must bear in mind the words of the Good Book; also the Dutch miller who became a great artist, and the little flower whose fate has been compared by the botanist Grenoble to this obscure young man, who from being a poor miller-boy, rose to eminence. It is said that though wealth and prosperity were his, the artist never forgot his dear mill, as is attested by the representation of it in many of his pictures, all of which are masterpieces of art.

There is nothing so beautiful as a flower—one such as the magnolia, heliotrope, or narcissus, whose golden crown is in the centre of its pure white petals. As its fragrance comes forth on the zephyrs of the morning, one might imagine one's shelf on the Grecian Isles, or among the Hindoo nymphs, who chant their hymns to the Indian Cupid; or, gazing on the robe of Helen, which is said to have been bordered with a wreath of acanthus.

There is more beauty in the floral world than is imagined by many persons. The language of flowers is truly eloquent. By a simple flower we can convey more than pages of manuscript could contain.

The unfortunate Boucher, when in solitary confinement, consoled himself by studying the flowers which his daughter collected for him. A few days previous to his death, he sent her two dead lilies, to express at the same time the purity of his soul and the fate which awaited him.

The most beautiful flowers are apt to engage our attention, but those whose qualities are superior are the ones which should claim our greatest interest. Such is the bright yellow tussilage, or coltsfoot, which has been our theme, whose humble flowers were discovered away on the foreign shores near Mount Pila, where, perhaps, it had bloomed unnoticed and uncared for many ages past.

Flowers, minerals, and human beings, each have their imperfections; but the most perfect must eventually be rewarded.

God will outshine dress, diamonds will eclipse paste; therefore, it is the genuine and beautiful that we all admire, whether it belongs to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.

The emblem of this obscure flower is "Justice shall be done you."

I will leave my readers to analyse in their minds the flower that I have but faintly described. Its beauty and fragrance far surpasses anything I have said in its favor. Such is the sweet tussilago, or coltsfoot.

CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.—Of all the noble works of God, that of the human soul has ever been considered the greatest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation, and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realization of the great ends for which he is designed, without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires, not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow-men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret. Such beings we have seen and wondered at—wondered that a being, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber on through a world like ours, in which is everything beautiful and sunshine to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of such a diversified character that we may never grow weary. If, then, you would wish to live, in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give free vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow-men, and in seeking their happiness, you will promote your own.

WEALTH.

BY J. W.

If I had wish'd for riches, I've despised the
wish sometimes,
And thought how Wealth might spoil his pets
when fowler-like he limes
The twigs, whereon some fools may perch who
dare to soar so high,
And keep them captives, fluttering there
above all sympathy
Of fellowships so far below. They fretful,
peevish yield
To laws he makes: things are reversed, for he
is but the shield!
The Man's the master! he should know the
true and proper use
Of Wealth; and keep him under just restraint,
without abuse;
To know the friend he knew before he climb'd
to that great height;
To bear in mind his services, and, if need be,
requite;
To give the food where hunger gnaws; assist
the weak to stand;
To seek them out who ne'er complain; to
stretch the helping hand;
To save the rein threatening there, when
"money" is the word;
And though he has such blessings here, there's
furthermost reward.

TWO LETTERS.

BY A. G. R.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

I REMEMBERED that possibly, as he was so immensely rich, the question of cookery might not be a vexed one between them. If they had been poor it would have been a different thing.

Da Castello began to rhapsodise again.

"How fair she is!" he murmured, his eyes soft and dreamy once more; "so fair and cold, like a snow image! And her eyes are blue and cold too, like some of your tranquil English lakes."

"I wonder you admire coldness so much," I said shortly; "but certainly Lettice gives you plenty of it."

For by this time, in spite of the magnificence of my future brother-in-law's presents, and the general impeachability of his behavior, I highly disapproved of the match. I was convinced that Lettice would be, and was, wretched.

"That is what I like," he answered. "She is so different from other women; she never tries to attract; she is so royally indifferent."

Possibly the young, handsome, and wealthy Count had not found "royal indifference" a distinguishing trait of the average woman. But could he not distinguish between indifference and repulsion? It appeared not. He went on after a pause:

"Is it not singular, Ellen, our names begin with the same letter even? That is one proof the more that we were meant for each other."

His name was Luigi. Love likes to harp on these pleasant trifling coincidences, but to me they appeared to be childish.

"Then if her name had been Hannah, or Maria, you wouldn't have fallen in love with her, I suppose?" I asked sarcastically.

But he answered quite frankly.

"I do not know. One cannot tell, but no doubt, as we were born under the same star, I should have loved her under any name. She is my fate. She has been kept for me. But what is the use of discussing these things with you, my little Ellen; you, who believe neither in fate nor love?"

"Nor astrology," I wound up, for a tendency to belief in astrology was one of the Count's strongest weaknesses.

"Nor astrology," he said, quite good-humoredly. "So you see there is nothing left for me to talk about.

I wondered privately what he talked about to Lettice, who took no more interest in the above subjects than I did myself. For did she not trample love under foot, defy fate, and scoff at the Count's horoscopes?"

It appeared, however, that Da Castello talked to her on one subject, and one only. It is left to the reader to guess which one that is. Lettice's indifference did not pique him. He liked his little snow image all the better for its coldness.

It may be supposed that so ardent a lover as the Count did not let the grass grow under his feet. He was impatient to marry his fair bride, and carry her back to his vast estates in sunny Italy. I was the unwilling listener to the conversation which took place between them when Da Castello first broached the subject to her.

I was sitting in the drawing-room with the windows wide open to admit the warm breath of July air, and the Count and Lettice were seated on a rustic bench immediately beneath it. I did not know they were there for some time; they were so silent. And when they began to speak I did not like to attract attention by moving away.

"Dearest," said Luigi da Castello, with an ineffable tenderness in his deep tones, "you have not given me my answer yet. Why do you delight in torturing me so?"

He evidently referred to some question he had previously asked her. There was a ring of fear as well as of impatience in Lettice's tones as she answered him.

"We are very well as we are. You are always in such a hurry. I cannot possibly decide anything yet."

Perhaps on this occasion the much-vaunted and much-admired indifference and coldness of his divinity were not quite so much to her lover's taste as usual.

"You don't understand how I want you, dear. I long to bear you away to my own sunny land, the fairest bride that Italy has ever seen."

A slight and scornful laugh was the only answer she gave.

"When will you tell me?" he urged fiercely. "When will you let me know? Why should we not be married at once? What is there to hinder us?"

"Hundreds of things."

"If you loved me as much as I love you, you would find no obstacle to our union."

"But I don't love as you do," said Lettice, in a troubled voice. "I have told you that before."

"I know you have been frankness and sincerity itself with me. I adore you for that little icy air of indifference. I shall soon teach you to change your nature."

She stirred a little uneasily.

"I shall never alter, Luigi," she said, after a pause. "I think it is my duty to tell you that I shall never be different. I have no very strong feelings as you have. If you think I shall not satisfy you——"

She broke off.

"You do satisfy me—just as you are. You are an angel of sweetness, and coldness, and purity. I envy no man alive. I have won my ideal. When will she be mine—mine utterly."

He bent down and kissed her hand. I heard the salute distinctly, and the slight shiver that followed it. Poor Lettice! What a blind fool the man was, not to see that her indifference would not take long to turn to hatred! But then Love is and always has been blind. When his eyes are opened he is no longer Love.

"I cannot tell," she said, in a low voice, in answer to his last question.

"Do you expect me to go on in this way for ever?" demanded the eager lover.

"For ever! And we have been engaged for only three weeks."

"Three centuries rather."

She rose with a very decided movement from the bench.

"I will not fix a day," she cried angrily. "I will never marry you at all if you tease me so about it. Why cannot you be content to wait like other men?"

Perhaps she had Arthur Wells and his patient, hopeless waiting in her mind. What was a rule for a sensible young Englishwoman, however, could not be expected to apply to her fiery Italian Count.

"Like other men? What do you know about other men?" he said.

There was thunder in his voice.

"Nothing," she answer hastily. "I only meant that in England we are not used to such short engagements — the idea is strange, and—and——"

She raised her eyes with a half-terrified appeal in them to his face, as if to impress the truth of her words upon him.

"That is all," she repeated nervously.

He bent and kissed her hand again. His trust in her was almost piteously absolute.

"You must remember that we Italians are an impatient, hot-blooded race," he said to her, with an apologetic smile, "and we do not know the meaning of delay. But I will wait for you, my queen, were it half a lifetime, if such is your desire. I will trust to the power of my love, that my probation will not be long."

He was very much, oh, very much in earnest! I heard Lettice sigh as she turned away from her too handsome, too devoted lover.

There were, doubtless, moments in her life when she would have preferred from him flagrant and open neglect.

For of such strange caprices is woman made.

CHAPTER III.

THINGS went on very much as usual for the next few weeks—the Count eager, impassioned, ardent, and devoted, Lettice calm to coldness, unmoved to indifference. In spite of the fact that affairs were pursuing their ordinary course, however, I think we all had a sort of vague impression that there was thunder in the air.

"Do you know, Lettice," I remarked to her one day when we were alone together, "that you have grown very white lately?"

"I never have much color, you know," said Lettice, without looking up from the book she was reading.

"But this is a different sort of whiteness," I persisted, with my eyes still fixed on her face; "and you are so thin, too."

"Dear me, Ellen, I wish you wouldn't stare so," she exclaimed irritably. "There isn't the slightest difference in me."

"And you are so often cross now," I pursued relentlessly. "Nothing ever used to put you out, and now you are always flaring up about the merest trifles."

She closed her book, and returned my gaze with a sad little smile.

"And so I am bad-tempered as well, am I? Do you know, Ellen, I am afraid you're right. I always feel dreadfully irritable now."

"Then you can't be happy," I said boldly.

She began to play with her magnificent diamond ring. It fell from her wasted little hand, and dropped to the carpet at my feet.

"It must be made smaller," she said in a matter-of-fact voice, in reply to my look.

I picked it up and regarded the costly trinklet curiously.

"After all, is it worth while selling oneself for five little glittering stones?" I asked, as I handed it back to her. "Upon my word, Lettice, I am glad I am not you!"

"You may well be so," she answered fiercely, her self-control broken down at last, "for I do not believe there is a more wretched woman in England at the present moment."

I half expected to see her fling the ring away; but after looking at it for a moment with a strange, concentrated gaze, she returned it to the betrothal finger again.

"You will not go on with this marriage, Lettice?"

"I must."

"Remember that an engagement can be broken—a marriage tie, never."

"I shall not break either, Ellen," she answered drearily.

"You will die if you marry a man you hate. You are wasted to a shadow now."

"I would give worlds to have never seen him; but now there is no escape, none."

She spoke in dull, hopeless, lifeless tones.

"How absurd you are?" I exclaimed scornfully. "If you are afraid to tell him, I will."

This time her laugh had a ring of genuine mirth in it.

"Poor child! You little know with what sort of man you have to deal. I am not easily terrified, as you know, but I would as soon face a raging lion as tell the Count da Castello that I meant to break our engagement. No, I have made my bed, and I must lie upon it. It has been my fault all through, and I have no right to complain. Luigi has been everything that is good, and noble, and generous. I shall be quite certain that, if I marry him, he will adore me."

She got up as if to close the conversation, and went towards the window.

"Here he comes!" she said to me with a smile.

As Luigi da Castello entered the room I looked at him curiously—the man of whom Lettice was afraid! For my own part, I wondered why she did not love him—or should have done, rather, if I had not suspected the truth about Arthur Wells. I fancy few women would have been able to resist him as he stood there, instinct with buoyant life and vigorous manly beauty.

He had brought her a narrow gold bangle as a gift, with the word "Lettice" sparkling on it in diamonds. It was a princely offering. I watched him clasp it on the fair wrist, and murmur words of love in her ear. Then I looked at her listless, indifferent face, and marveled that such apathy could ever satisfy his hungry eagerness.

How different she had looked one night, and how she had flushed with pleasure when Arthur had brought her a little book she had expressed a desire to read! It was fortunate that Arthur had not been near the house since the Count arrived. Luigi's jealous eye would have recognised a rival at once.

And though, of course, it is absurd to talk about stilettoes and vendettas in this commonplace, everyday England of ours, yet I confess I should not have cared to be a rival who stood in the Count's way.

She thanked him sweetly and coldly for the bracelet, and assented to his proposition that they should go for a stroll in the rose-garden — an old-fashioned, lovely straggling place where the flowers grew and flourished in fragrant, riotous confusion. She never talked very much to him, seldom starting a topic of her own accord, but then, certainly, the Count talked enough for two.

He was with her an hour, evidently plying her more earnestly than ever. She looked white and exhausted when she came in, like a person who has been strained up to a certain pitch of endurance and can bear no more.

That evening, as she was sitting holding the newspaper, as a means of getting the silence and rest she wanted—for I am certain she hardly read a line for over an hour—she suddenly put it down with a little cry.

"Whatever is the matter?" I enquired hastily.

"Ellen! Only to think—how awful for poor Sir Ludovic! Just read that," and she put the paper into my hand.

I read the paragraph she pointed out to me. It told how Ludovic and Henry Wells—Sir Ludovic's two sons—had been drowned when out yachting. Many other things as terrible have been told in as few lines, but I never remember anything affecting me so much before. The two were so young, so strong; and the poor old man was left so desolate.

I am quite sure that it occurred to neither of us for a long time that this terrible accident would be the means of removing any barrier that there might have been between Arthur Wells and Lettice. Only, like most things in this life, it had come too late.

That night I woke several times, and thought over the terrible news. On each occasion I could see by the radiant moonlight that flooded the room that Lettice's blue eyes were wide open, although she lay as still as though she were asleep.

At last I spoke.

"Lettice!"

"Well!"

"What are you thinking about? I don't believe you have slept at all."

"I am thinking what a pity it is that I have spoilt my life," she answered drearily.

"You are thinking of—of—Arthur?"

She turned a little towards me.

"Ellen, don't think so hardly of me as all that. It is not the money that has made such a difference to me with regard to him, though, of course, other people would think so. But I have known for a long time now that I would rather marry Arthu and live in poverty all my life, than go away from you all with—with the Count."

I said nothing, and she went on:

"I cannot describe to you how I am feeling about it. I believe if I go on with it, it will kill me. To marry him and go away with him to a strange country——"

She stopped, with a half-choked sob.

"Lettice, how absurd you are! Why ever don't you break it off?"

"He would kill me, I believe."

"We don't live in the days of romantic revenge," I remarked. "You are exaggerating things very unnecessarily. The Count is too much of a gentleman to worry you by useless protestations after you have once told him that have you changed your mind."

"He may be a gentleman, Ellen, but above everything else he is a man, and a man of very strong passions and feelings. I shall never dare to thwart him."

She would talk no more after this, and presently fell into a broken slumber, from which she awoke several times, crying, in feverish agony:

"I cannot do it! Oh, I cannot do it!"

She was quite ill in the morning, and stopped in bed. She rose in the afternoon, however, and went downstairs, looking white and exhausted. The first thing she did was to write a little note to the Count at his hotel, asking him to come and see her at five o'clock. He had already been down twice to enquire after her, and had sent her some lovely flowers as usual.

I watched her write the note with some curiosity. There was an air of relief mingled with the terror of her eyes.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

She came to me and took both my hands in hers.

"I am going to take your advice, Ellen, and break off my engagement. I believe I would rather he killed me than married me! He will be here in half an hour. Will you keep the others out of the room, Nelly?"

Of course I promised rapturously. I was now quite as eager for the breaking

off of the engagement as I had before been for its ratification.

The Count came, his hand again full of flowers, and was shown into the drawing-room where Lettice waited for him alone.

What passed between them I never knew. Luigi da Castello was, no doubt, terrible in his wrath. He stopped for over an hour, and we watched him go away from behind the muslin curtains. When I went to Lettice I found that she had fainted.

She told me that night before we slept that the Count would never trouble her again. She had made him understand clearly that she would rather die than marry him. She had put the matter in too brutal a light for him to possibly make a mistake.

"He is going to leave the country the day after to-morrow," she added. "I shall not breathe freely till I know that he has gone."

Lettice slept badly that night, and she made me restless too. She tossed and murmured and muttered in her sleep, and finally sat erect with a shriek of terror, and her hands pressed convulsively to her heart.

"What is it?" I asked, alarmed.

But she did not seem to hear me. She got out of bed and sought the writing materials that were always to be found on a side-table, and for a few minutes she wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper. She seemed to me to be half awake. I got up, too, and bent over her. What she had written ran thus, word for word:

"SIGNORINA.—I need not tell you that your decision of this afternoon has left me heart-broken. You alone know how I have loved you; but I am not the man to force myself on any woman, and reproaches from me would be out of place and useless.

"I leave England to-morrow. Will you grant me one last interview before I go from you for ever? Considering our intimate and tender friendship, I think I am entitled to ask this one poor favor. It may not be according to the English etiquette; that I am a foreigner must be my excuse for making the request.

"I shall await you at our old trysting place at four o'clock.—DA CASTELLO."

I placed my hand on her shoulder to rouse her.

"What are you writing this for, Lettice?" I asked, rather sharply. "Upon my word you have Da Castello on the brain!"

She woke to full consciousness with a long shudder, and clung to me with desperate energy. Then her eyes fell on the words she had just written.

"Ah, it will come true, then!" she said.

I soothed her agitation as well as I could, but for a long time her terror was almost uncontrolable.

"Was it a dream?" I asked at last, when she was a little calmer.

"Yes; it was a dream—such a dream!"

She paused, mechanically pushing back her long, fair hair with a trembling hand.

"You have always laughed at me for fearing the Count, Ellen. Well, listen to my dream, and judge whether or not I am right in doing so!

"I dreamed that I was sitting alone with you in the drawing-room just before lunch, when the servant came in with a letter from Luigi in her hand. I opened and read it. There it lies before you," she added, pointing to the sheet of paper on the table, "word for word, exactly as I read it then. You see that the Count asks me in it to give him a farewell interview at our old trysting-place—the glen. Well, I dreamed that I showed you the letter, and that you tried to dissuade me from going. 'It will only upset you,' you said. But I argued that I had after all treated him very badly, and that a last good-bye before parting from me for ever was not much to ask. So—I went!"

She paused a moment, and her voice when she spoke again sounded thick and dry.

"I went. Luigi was there before me, waiting for me. I had been afraid before, but I was not afraid now. He was quite quiet in voice and manner—gentle, and rather sad. I felt very sorry for him. He had been so desperate, so angrily passionate the day before. Now it was all different, and I almost began to like him—and trust him. He said he only just wanted to bid me good-bye and wish me every happiness. He said I had given him nothing but sweet and pleasant memories to look back upon.

"His voice was very soft and low, and his eyes tender and sad. He said a man could not hope to marry his ideal, and I had been that to him. He would never forget me. Then he asked, still in the same voice, if there was—any one else; he said I must not think he grudged me my happiness because he himself was disappointed, only he would like to know.

"He was so unlike himself, Ellen, so frank, and kind, and quiet! I began to remember how cruel I had always been to him. I told him that he would soon marry a much better woman than I; that I was not as good as he thought me; that he must try and forget me, because I had never been worthy of his great love. And he listened to it all with downcast eyes, only repeating when I stopped:

"'Is there any one else?'

"I asked him why he wanted to know—I was not a bit afraid—and he said it was because he should like to wish him happiness. He had been so good and kind that I thought I would be quite open and frank with him at the last. So I told him yes, that there had been some one else all the time; that I had never loved him really. Then he lifted his eyes and looked at me. Ellen, I pray to God I may never really see such expression in human eyes! There was the fierceness of a lost despairing soul in them.

"He drew nearer to me, still looking at me, although I shrank from him. For the first time I began to feel afraid.

"He took my left hand in his, and stooping down, said:

"'You shall never live to be any other man's wife. I love you too much for that.'

"Then something bright flashed, and I suddenly felt a horrible cold feeling in my heart—so cold and sharp that I knew that he had stabbed me—that I was dying! And I heard his slow, strange laugh fading away in the distance—and I knew that he had left me to die alone——"

She stopped, and the convulsive shudder came over her again. In spite of myself I was struck by the extraordinary accurate way she remembered the dream, and the vivid manner in which she had described it. The letter, too—the fatal letter that was to decoy her to her death—lay there before my eyes!

I tried to laugh away her fears, in spite of my own conviction that they were well-founded, but it was useless. The rest of that night we neither of us slept. What would the morrow bring forth?

* * * * * *

We were sitting in the drawing-room before lunch when the servant brought Lettice a letter in the Count's well-known delicate Italian writing.

"The man is waiting for an answer, miss," she said, as she went out.

Lettice broke the seal and began to read.

"Come here, Ellen!" she said.

I came and looked over her shoulder. There, line for line, word for word, was the letter of her dream! She took the sheet of paper that she had written the night before from her pocket, and laid them side by side. They were identical! We looked at each other.

"It is a warning!" I said, awestruck and no longer doubting.

"Yes, it is a warning, thank Heaven, and one which I dare not disregard. But for my dream who knows what my end would have been?"

She rose and, going over to the devonport, wrote the following words:

"I do not wish to see your face again. You said your last good-bye to me yesterday. I cannot afford to risk the possible repetition of such a scene. Besides, this time might not the Italian stiletto avenge the Italian wrong?—LETTICE."

It was not until she knew that the Count had actually been seen to leave the place, that Lettice ventured outside the house.

Those days were days of sickness and of dread with her, so fully persuaded was she of the reality of her dream. In a week's time the following lines, the last she ever had from him, came from Luigi da Castello:

"You are right. I meant to kill you. How did you know?"

* * * * * *

What I have written about occurred more than forty years ago, for my story is a true one.

Lettice lived her long and happy life as Lady Wells, and no one but myself ever knew how nearly her English treachery had been avenged by her Italian lover.

Before me on the table lie the two duplicate letters, both faded, yellow, old, but both identically the same. The one in round, trembling, girlish characters; the other in Luigi da Castello's elegant, flowing, foreign hand. The dream letter and the real one!

Scoff at the coincidence if you like! Solve the mystery if you can!

[THE END]

DREAMS AND ILLUSIONS.

Dreams are classified with hallucinations, as they have no basis of actual impression for their starting-point; whereas illusions have, and the parallelism between dreams and insanity has been pointed out by Kant, who remarks "that the madman is a dreamer awake."

The day-dreams and castles in the air built by every one of an imaginative nature are far more extravagant than the false beliefs of the insane; with the sane however, the dream scenery does not last long and the stimulus of light and sound soon dissolves it.

A nightmare gives us a very good idea of what an insane delusion is like. The ancient Greeks believed that their dreams were pictures laid bare to the eye of the soul by some of the gods.

The African savage holds that in dreaming his higher self then travels to unfamiliar lands; the North American Indian believes that man possesses two souls, and during sleep one remains in the body, while the other rambles at pleasure through unknown regions; the Dyak, that there is one soul which is absent during sleep, and that the dreams represent what is seen by that soul in its wanderings.

Others believe that dreams are sent by the good spirit presiding over our destiny to warn us of an impending danger; and many to-day hold this view, although modern science, by careful study of the close connection existing between mental life and bodily operations, has attempted to solve the problem by proving that our dream-imagery is mostly drawn from our every-day experiences.

The power which cements into a coherent mass our disconnected dream-images is called "creative fancy," and this is said to be derived from the fantastical force of the soul.

Internal or external nervous stimulation is a great source of dreams. Scherner relates the case of a love-sick youth who was allowed to whisper his name in the ear of his obdurate mistress whilst she slept, with the result that she contracted the habit of dreaming of him, which led to a happy change in her feelings toward him.

A cold foot suggests an image of ice and snow. Moonbeams will sometimes lead those of a highly religious temperament to believe that they are visited by angels. Over-eating at supper will cause dreams of a terrifying nature.

The sensation of being grasped by some invisible being is due to the sleeper seizing his own arm. When we attempt to flee from some approaching danger, and cannot, the limbs are lying in an awkward position, and a certain amount of muscular strain is present. The horrible feeling of falling down from some height is caused by the involuntarily extension of the sleeper's foot.

Change of pressure on the retina will develop lovely plains bedecked with beautiful flowers and tenanted by birds of gorgeous plumage. Where we believe we are being crushed by some great weight, the cause is most likely due either to the closeness of the air or the mouth being covered with the bedclothes. The throbbing of an aching tooth has been mistaken for the stride of an avenging giant.

If our skin is acting abnormally, and at the same time there is a subjective visual stimulus, the resultant is a combination of both; and we imagine there is an insect creeping over us.

If a tale rivets our attention it tends to awaken a vivid recollection of the facts disclosed, and may thus easily lead to a dream. It is not only one's daily experiences which supply the ground-work of our dreams, but the thoughts communicated by others to us are woven into the scenery of our sleeping life, and this is advanced to explain the peculiar fact of our dreaming of persons or places of which we have no individual experience.

Perceptive Illusions are false or, rather, mistaken perceptions of the senses; something is seen or heard; but that which the person thinks he sees or hears is not real but false.

A GERMAN astronomer calculates that the year of 1961 will be marked by the appearance of no less than seven different comets.

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Forty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without any risk from exposure.

Scientific and Useful.

MASSAGE.—Abdominal massage is perhaps the best means of treating constipation in children. Purgatives should be used only in exceptional cases.

SODA-WATER.—A soda-water fountain which works on the penny-in-the-slot plan has been invented. The customer helps himself, but cannot get more than five cents' worth at a time.

PACKING-PAPER.—A packing paper impermeable to water can be made as follows. Take unsized paper and coat it with an aqueous solution of dextrine. When dry, apply a layer of siccative oil paint.

TIMBER.—The strongest timber known is the "Billian" or Borneo ironwood, whose breaking strain is 1.52 times greater than that of English oak. By long exposure it becomes of ebony blackness and immensely hard.

AERIAL MACHINE.—An Austrian has invented a machine which is said to solve the problem of aerial navigation. The sails are to be worked by steam, and the progression of the machine will be on the same principle as the flight of a bee.

WIRE.—The safe carrying capacity of a wire changes under different circumstances, being about 40 per cent. less when the wire is enclosed in a tube or piece of moulding than when bare and exposed to the air, when the heat is rapidly radiated.

SEA-WATER BREAD.—A German doctor recommends bread made with sea-water as a wonderful remedy against scorfula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea-water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it from impurities. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste.

THE TELEPHONE.—Telephonic communication has lately been established between lightships and the shore in Great Britain. The connection is expected to be of great service in affording earliest information of casualties to vessels in the vicinities of the ships, beside being of great value to the lightkeepers aboard the isolated lightships.

STEERING.—Steering boats by telephone during a fog is a new thing in the science of navigation. A cable is laid in the sea, and by means of a detector on board the boat it may be discovered when passing over it. Charles A. Stevenson, of London, is the inventor. He says he can get a perfect connection on board, with the water as the principal conductor.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDING.—Some men never think of weeding out the inferior calves or pigs, but go breeding them and so perpetuate their bad qualities.

FEEDING.—Economy in feeding the animals while the farm tools are exposed and rusting is more extravagant than any system of reducing expenses with stock.

TIRES.—Wide tires should be used for heavy loads. They will not cut up the roads like narrow tires, and will also lessen the draught. The discussion of good roads should also include the subject of tires.

CULTIVATION.—One or two acres of well selected and well cultivated fruits, says an exchange, will go far towards supplying the ordinary household expenses. A little land devoted to such purposes always makes an appreciable addition to the cash income, and will repay the labor needed to procure it.

THE SPRAYER.—The sprayer is a necessary implement on all farms. A few years ago it was almost unknown. It permits of the use of a fine spray, which reaches every portion of the plant, and does better work than a sprinkler. It can be used on trees and vines, and permits of reaching the potato beetles more effectively.

BRAN.—When bran is purchased it takes the place of wheat and corn as food, thus permitting of the sale of the latter, the bran to be used as food. One advantage in the use of bran it that it brings upon the farm a greater proportion of phosphates than can be obtained from the whole grain, thus adding a valuable substance to the manure. Where the soil is deficient in phosphoric acid a ton of bran, used as food, will add to the manure three times as much phosphoric acid than would be obtained from corn. Buy bran and sell corn.

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Gambling and Burgling.

Gambling and burgling always occupy a good deal of public attention during the course of a year. There is not a very obvious connection between the two, yet the subtle moralist may find an association. Both are pursuits of men who ought to be otherwise, and more profitably, engaged.

Both are the expressions of a desire to acquire riches at one stroke—or, at the most, two strokes—and to avoid the monotony of continuous labor. And both are the results of radical misconceptions on the part of the individual practitioners.

Nobody ever gets rich by gambling; but it is open to demonstration that, if the same amount of skill, of cerebral energy, of mental dexterity and of acute perception, were expended in productive work of some kind as is expended on games of chance, th rewards would be substantial and certain.

Again, the burglar who burgles on a large scale is playing against fearful odds, and is certain to come to grief sooner or later; while, if he burgles on a small scale, he can but snatch a precarious and insignificant pittance, considerably below what he might easily earn by legitimate industry in lawful hours.

There is, perhaps, a charm of excitement in burglary which fascinates the professional outlaw, even as the excitement of the turf, or of cards, enthralls the professional gamester. But to take a plain, practical view of both pursuits, and one apart altogether from the ethics of the matter, is to lead one to the conclusion that neither game is worth the candle.

The law, of course, takes other views of both. The burglar indulges in his exciting career at the expense of the community, and injures everybody, including himself. The gambler indulges in his habitual excitement without injuring, directly, anybody but himself and those dependent on him, who, from a social point of view, may be regarded as part of himself. The burglar, therefore, is objective in his existence; the gambler, subjective. To put it otherwise, the burglar is a common enemy, and the gambler nobody's enemy but his own.

There is a universal passion—we find it in all races—for games of skill and chance; and such gaming, when engaged in for money stakes, we call Gambling.

Yet money-stakes are played for otherwise than in games of chance, and we call it—Speculation. Is a "corner" in copper so much more moral and defensible than a pool in cards? The subject opens up too wide and thorny a field of discussion to enter upon here; but it is probable that a great deal of misconception exists upon the ethics of gambling.

It is remarkable that, once upon a time, "gamester" and "cheater" were synonymous terms; but it is also remarkable that "wretch" was once a term of endearment. The usage and meaning of words change with time, and no man nowadays would dare to characterize another as a "cheater" merely because he is a "gamester." From cock-fighting to cribbage may be a long range, but there is scope for the gambler all through.

The charm of chance is irresistible to certain minds—by no means of the most ignoble order. It is the charm of chance that sends men with beating hearts to the front amid a hail of bullets; or with moistened eye to the backwoods in search of fortune. It is also the charm of chance that leads others to baccarat and book-making.

Many lives have been ruined and homes wrecked by gambling; yet not nearly so many as have been wasted by excessive drinking. What, however, is to be borne in mind, in considering gambling from a social and legislative point of view, is, that it is an individual vice.

It may be foolish or wrong to stake money upon the throw of the dice, or the turn of a card, or the pace of a horse, or the roll of a billiard-ball; but it is not a crime against Society. Men do not need "Hells," or Clubs, or Tables, if they wish to gamble. Enthusiasts have been known to wager on the comparative speed of two flies on a window-pane, or on the durable qualities of two lumps of tea-moistened sugar.

The Social Guardian may take precautionary measures to keep temptation out of the way of the weak and foolish, and, therefore, it forbids any person to keep a public establishment for the direct purpose of gambling. But it is very questionable if the Social Guardian has any right to restrain any individual from parting, however wrongfully, with his own money in stakes or bets. There is a certain class, as we know by the old proverb, with whom the parting comes soon.

To sum up: Burgling may and should be prevented by the most rigorous means the law can devise. But although the spirit of gambling may be eradicated from individuals by bitter experience, it never can be from a community by acts of legislation.

NEVER deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious, when you relate anything, to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people, in telling real things, add a little to them, and, as they pass through a dozen mouths, the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So, when you attempt to tell anything that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantage of this course.

BLUSHING and pallor result from the sudden action of the mind on the nervous system. If therefore the mind be forewarned and prepared for emotions, both habits can be partially overcome. But, when the nervous system is highly strung, it would be a lifelong, if not a futile, task to endeavor to effect a perfect cure. It is the sensitive nervous girl who blushes easily, while the girl stolid by nature, or who by education has her nerves under perfect control, seldom blushes.

A TRUE benefactor is likened by Marcus Antonius to "a vine which is satisfied by being fruitful in its kind and bears a bunch of grapes without expecting any thanks for it. And thus a man that is rightly kind never proclaims a good turn, but does another as soon as he can, just like a vine that bears again the next season." It is generosity like this that nourishes the sentiment of gratitude in the human heart. Such men and women are never found complaining of the lack of gratitude. Without saying it, they find it; without expecting it or demanding it, it is poured out lavishly upon them.

THERE is no doubt that it is better to keep one's own counsel too strictly than to give it into the keeping of others too generously. What we have, and while we have it, we know where to find; when we give it away, it is lost to our control. "A garrulous tongue, if not checked, sings often to its own harm," says a Scandinavian proverb; and "a wise tongue keeps a safe head," says an English one.

THE habit of dwelling on possible calamities, of elaborating possible dangers, of prophesying griefs that never come, and cherishing those that do assail us leads to the manufacture of artificial trouble, from which no good can ever spring. So far from gaining in this way any power over real troubles when they come, what we already possess will be lost.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor witherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.

IN our lives there is a crisis in the formation of character. It comes from many causes, and from some which on the surface are apparently trivial. But the result is the same—a sudden revelation to ourselves of our secret purposes, and a recognition of our perhaps long shadowed but now masterful convictions.

THERE is no greater work on the earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

WHEN a man begins to do wrong, he cannot answer for himself how far he may be carried on. He does not see beforehand, he cannot know where he will find himself after the sin is committed. One false step leads to another; one evil concession requires another.

PLEASURE, which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure which is acquired at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can delight in.

ACTION of any kind is as opposed to sentimentality as fire to water; and a few years of labor or study, or even a few months or weeks, will bring a young head into the right track.

FOR a man to say that he can never change his opinion, is either to imply that he is too obstinate to be taught by experience, or that he claims infallibility.

ONE is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

BELIEVE your friend honest, to make him so, if he be not so; since, if you distrust him, you make his falsehood a piece of justice.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. H.—Trigonometry is the science of determining the sides and angles of triangles by means of certain parts which are given.

D. S.—It was in the thirteenth century that those forerunners of the modern drama, the sacred pieces called "Mysteries," were first produced.

MRS. C. H.—We do not know where you can sell Confederate money. Consult the advertising columns of the various papers. We do not think, however, there is any market for it.

T. F. P.—In the term "viola pedata," viola is the generic or general name. "Pedata" is the species or special name. 2. Tolstoi, fin de siecle and plaisance are acceptably pronounced as "Tolstoy," "fahn dih seekle," "playsawnce."

E. F. N.—For children's gatherings, a small note sheet, headed by a colored design which signifies the character of the party, such as a Christmas tree, a May-pole, or some well-known personages from "Mother Goose," bears the invitation.

C. H. R.—To strengthen your voice take plenty of exercise in the outer air, and sing as much as possible. Reading aloud is also good for the lungs. Drink milk, and take a wineglassful of cream every morning before breakfast. The white of an egg beaten up with sugar and eaten is a preventive of huskiness.

O. P.—The pawnbroker's sign of the three balls was taken from that of the Italian bankers, generally called Lombards, who were the first to open loan shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. The greatest of the Lombards became the celebrated and eventually princely house of the Medici of Florence.

GORDEN.—The Nine Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne: Clio was the Muse of History; Euterpe, of Music; Thalia, of Comedy; Melpomene, of Tragedy; Terpsichore, of Dancing; Erato, of Amatory Poetry; Polyhymnia, of Hymns and Songs; Urania, of Astronomy; and Calliope, of Harmony and Heroic Poetry.

F. F.—The average height of the English mastiff is from 25 to 31 inches; weight, from 100 to 150 pounds. The German boarhound, which is also known as the Great Dane and Ulmer dog, is the original cross from which sprang the so-called prison bloodhound. They are from 24 to 31 inches high, and weigh from 80 to 100 pounds.

G. R. S.—Rome became the capital of Italy in 1870. The unification of Italy was assisted by the downfall of Napoleon III, as the result of war with Germany. The French Emperor guaranteed the temporal power of the Pope, but his downfall left the Pontiff powerless to successfully resist the army of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi.

W. F. B.—Conclave has several meanings: First, a private apartment, particularly the room where the cardinals of the Roman Catholic meet in private, for the election of a Pope. Second, the assembly of the cardinals shut up for the election of a Pope; hence, the body of cardinals. Third, a private meeting; a close assembly. Also applied to a literary club.

C. J. W.—The roaches may be caught at night by filling a porcelain bowl or wash-basin two-thirds full of sweetened water, setting it on the floor, and laying sticks of lath up to the edge. It is a regular trap. The insects go up the sticks, go down into the water, and cannot get out. All found in the bowl must be absolutely killed (burned or crushed) in the morning, and the trap set again at night. In this way and with no further remedy the whole stock of these pests may be annihilated.

M. H.—1. According to the superstition associated with it, the fiery garnet is the stone of January, and it insures constancy and fidelity in every sort of engagement. To February belongs the amethyst, and he who is born in that month should wear the purple stone as a preservative against violent passions and dissipation to which fate will tempt him. The light blue turquois is the gem of December, assuring prosperity in love. 2. The stone of misfortune, but also of hope, is the opal. It belongs to October.

JOE.—Terra (or Tierra) del Fuego means the "land of fire." It is so named on account of the numerous volcanic mountains found within its limits. This archipelago, situated at the extreme south of South America, from the mainland of which it is separated by Magellan's Straits, consists of eleven large islands (the principal one being called King Charles' South Land) and about twenty islets. It was discovered by Magellan in 1520, who gave it the name it still bears. Some writers call it the "land of desolation"—a most appropriate title.

A. H.—The contents of the Old Testament were determined by the Jewish Rabbis thousands of years ago, and in the main their arrangement of its various books is still followed. The books of the New Testament were selected by the learned Fathers of the Christian Church, after vast and prolonged study of the subject. The Bible, as it stands to-day, is believed by the chief authorities in Christendom to contain all the inspired books given to man under the Jewish and the Christian Dispensations. Some small sects, and also some individual critics, dissent from this generally accepted opinion, but their dissent has but little, if any, influence on the main current of religious belief.

DISAPPOINTED.

BY A. L. P.

For every moment's joy
  There is an hour of pain.
The soul, from glimpse of paradise,
  Comes back to earth again.

But yesterday there came to me
  A ray of love's own light;
To-day 'tis gone, and shadows fall
  Just wh re the way was bright.

One glimpse of sunshine—vanished, fled,
  Leaving the day more drear,
Because I know the joy I craved
  Had come so very near.

So, back from paradise, my soul
  Falls, on her weary wing;
And, disappointed, waits on earth,
  Whate'er the hour may bring.

The Park Pales.

BY L. C.

THE end of Summer; just when the waning season is at its fairest, every hedgerow dotted with the pure white cups of the bird weed, every field rich with the ripening grain, where the scarlet flowers of the poppy and the rich blue of the cornbottle mingle; and the lanes—the lovely English lanes!—dark and cool, even at noon-day, with the luxuriance of the foliage arching high over head.

In such a lane, in one of the prettiest parts of one of the midland counties sauntered two young ladies, glad of the refuge from the fervid heat, and talking merrily and freely of any and every thing which was interesting to devoted friends who had just met after a parting of several months.

"I never dreamed your home was so lovely as it is!" cried Clara Forcester, stopping short, to gaze around. "How I shall hate our dull, flat, half-town, half—no, imitation—country house at Kensington, after these rural scenes! I wish my mother would not like the environs of London so well."

"Please to remember, mademoiselle," said Viola Dalrymple, smiling at her companion's enthusiasm, "that Winter comes here as well as everywhere else. How would you survive the monotony of a residence in the country, where there are no theatres, no concerts, within reach,—few neighbors, and only half-a-dozen balls within as many months?"

"But you always have Nature, ever-beautiful Nature!" replied Clara, sentimentally; "the birds, the flowers, and the hills, and the valleys."

"Yes," said Viola, laughing outright; "and these paths that you tread so delightedly, and the fields are impassable half the year for wet clay, and we cannot get to the village this way for mud and water."

"I declare you have not a bit of romance in your composition, and yet you live here and seem contented!"

"Of course," replied Viola. "It is my home. I am not complaining, only pointing out some of the disadvantages which you ignore."

"And I don't thank you for your pains," cried her friend, gaily; "and what's more, I'll not hear another word. Tell me what this fence hides from us—fields?"

"No, a park—Lisle Park," was the reply; "the largest estate in the neighborhood."

Clara stood on tiptoe, and made ineffectual attempts to see more than the branching elms which the park palings could not hide.

"Who lives there, Viola?" she asked—"any one you visit? I'm sure it's a charming place!"

"No one's there at present," replied Viola. "Sir Vernon Lisle has been on the Continent ever since he succeeded to the baronetcy. I wish you had come a week earlier, and we would have spent a pleasant day in the house and grounds. It is quite a show place; but we could not go now, for the owner is expected home very shortly, and they are making great preparations for his reception."

"How sorry I am!" exclaimed Clara. "Then I must content myself with a peep, if I can climb this week."

"You climb!" cried the amused Viola. "Better not try, you inexperienced Londoner!"

"You forget," said Clara, undauntedly, "that I have had three days' initiation. After the horrid stiles you have dragged me over, no feat seems impossible."

By dint of a little exertion the young lady succeeded in reaching a spot from whence she could peep through a knot hole at the beautiful domain of Sir Vernon Lisle.

"What magnificent trees! what emerald turf!" she exclaimed. "Oh Viola, the little that I can see is perfectly delicious! What a fete champetre might be given under those beeches! Is this absent baronet old and ugly?" she asked, as she slid down on the bank to recover her breath.

"By no means old," replied Viola. "Sir Vernon is not more than twenty-three or twenty-four."

"Young, and of course handsome," said Clara. "I should like to stay and make his acquaintance."

Again Viola's merry laughter was heard, as she stood plucking the blossoms of the trailing dewberries.

"But handsome is not a matter of course in this case," she said. "Judging from what my own recollections of Vernon Lisle was when he used to visit me in his boyhood, he must be sandy-haired, short, and plain; so you need not grieve that we leave here on Monday for Lytham and sea-bathing."

"What a shame to dispel one's illusions so remorselessly!" cried Clara. "Never mind—he must be amiable; and, in a wealthy young baronet, one might dispense with good looks, if there was nothing else wanting."

"I am afraid you are born to be disappointed, my poor Clara!" said her friend. "Vernon was a rude, disagreeable boy, whom I could not endure for his rough manners and teasing propensities; and I have no doubt that the possession of great wealth, with none near to check or admonish him, has made his faults grow with his growth. For myself, I almost dread his coming."

Clara jumped down from her elevated position, and, declaring herself rested, began to question her friend.

"Dread his coming!" said Viola. "And why?"

Half the reply must have been inaudible to any ears save her own, conveying nothing but the words, "Papa has always wished—such old friends—Vernon and I so nearly of an age;" and then an emphatic, "but I would never consent—never!"

As the young ladies, engrossed in the subject they were discussing, walked on, two gentlemen, in the light easy Summer dress of tourists, rose from the root of the tree in the park on which they had been resting, and peeped after them; they then turned to each other, and, with a comical look, laughed heartily.

"Sandy, short, and ugly! Unfortunate Vernon!" said one, mockingly.

"Rude, disagreeable, unchecked!" said the other. "Oh, most miserable wight that I am! And this is the best that the handsomest girl in the county can say of me! Stanley, I'll go back to Venice where carroty hair is a grace, and the faults of my youth are unknown. Is my hair very fiery though?"

"Dreadfully so," was the laughing reply; "but dyes are cheap, and wigs ditto."

"Throw 'em to the dogs, I'll have none of 'em," cried Sir Vernon, theatrically. "Going where? where did she say?"

"To Lytham," was the reply. "A pretty little quiet bathing-place in Lancashire, isn't it?"

Sir Vernon nodded, gazed after the graceful figures of the ladies, until they were quite lost to sight; and then, leaning his back against the fence, he mused until his companion uttered an inquiring, "Well?"

"And well," he repeated, slowly, "I think, if you have no objection to offer, we will, for a time, renounce our intention of presenting ourselves at Lisle House, and receiving our good friends' and neighbors' congratulations on our safe return."

"As you will," said his friend. "But what, then, do you purpose doing?"

"Taking a trip to Lytham also," replied Sir Vernon, coloring a little.

"Is it good policy to follow a retreating enemy?" said Stanley Tremayne, laughing. "Better secure the field during her absence, and when you have established yourself in the good graces of the neutrals, and drawn them all over to your own side, why, let her come. You can afford to be magnanimous and forgive her."

"But I do not feel disposed to forgive her, until she recants and repents," replied Vernon.

"Suppose she will do neither?" asked Stanley, maliciously.

"Why, then, I'll confess myself all she calls me, and the most conceited fool in the universe to boot," replied the baronet.

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Lytham had not then obtained sufficient notoriety to be bustling, and noisy, and over filled, with people who are fussy, and fidgety, and dressy; but was just at that time a charming resort for those who really loved the sea and the sands, and could sit and dream the hours away with nothing to spoil their heartfelt enjoyment.

For two days after their arrival, Viola and Clara saw not a face they knew, and Mr. Dalrymple was their only companion in their rambles or rides; but on the evening of the third day when they came out to join him on the beach, he was in an animated conversation with two gentlemen, who lifted their hats as the ladies slowly approached.

"Viola, my dear," cried her father, seizing her hand, "was there ever such a coincidence? Here is Sir Vernon Lisle, your old playfellow. He is touring round the coast with a friend, and is making a stay of a few days here, for the sake of sketching."

Viola's face flushed a little as her father more formally introduced Sir Vernon and Mr. Tremeyne; and her reception of the baronet was so frigid, that after murmuring a few words about his pleasure in meeting her again, he looked awkward and embarrassed; and finally attached himself to Clara Forcester, who graciously accepted his arm, and rather hastily decided that he was much better looking than her friend predicted.

Mr. Dalrymple walked by the side of his daughter to his laziness, he seated himself; and then Viola was left to the polite attentions of the quiet Mr. Tremayne, who as yet had not spoken. But when, with some unnecessary speech about the weather, she broke the silence, he asked, "Do you find my friend much altered, Miss Dalrymple?"

"Yes—no," stammered Viola, glancing indifferently at the baronet, who was smiling at one of Clara's mirthful sallies, "he is improved, I think."

"Ah, his hair has darkened," said Mr. Tremayne. "It may have escaped your memory that in his boyhood it was red."

Miss Dalrymple palliated this. She did not permit others the same licence that she had allowed herself.

"Auburn you mean," said she. "Sir Vernon's hair was never red."

"He would not thank me for discussing his personal appearance," said Mr. Tremayne, smiling. "He has been spoiled of late by the attentions he has received."

Viola looked as if she could quite believe this.

"But his heart," continued the gentleman. "I think I may answer for it, that his heart is in the right place, and I have no doubt that when he settles down at Lisle Park he will try to do his duty as a country gentleman."

Miss Dalrymple's expressive face had the impress of being bored. It said rather too plainly, "This is nothing to me;" but Mr. Tremayne did not appear to see it.

"Of course he will marry," said he. "In fact, there is, I believe, a contract between his late uncle and a gentleman in the neighborhood of Lisle Park, that he shall espouse——"

"It is not true!" cried Viola, impulsively. "If Sir Vernon is your author, he has suffered his egregious vanity to deceive him."

Having thus expressed herself, Viola walked on in haughty displeasure; but Mr. Tremayne was by her side instantly.

"Miss Dalrymple," said he, "can I have said anything to annoy you? If so pray believe that my offence has been unintentional. I would not incur your anger for the world."

His eyes seconded this speech so eloquently, that the young lady, ashamed of the interest she had evinced in his gossiping details, permitted herself to be appeased; and when Clara and her companion came towards them at the expiration of half an hour, she was listening with flattering attention to Mr. Tremayne's description of a snowstorm in the Apennines.

It had been very pleasant at Lytham, when Viola and Clara had only their own resources to depend upon, but it was pleasanter still when two animated, intelligent young men were always at hand to accompany them in boating, walking, and sketching excursions; and as the baronet, after a few rebuffs, kept aloof from his frigid playmate, or, if compelled to address her, never ventured upon more than a few civil monosyllables, Viola contrived to endure his presence.

More than this she could not be said to do, for Mr. Dalrymple seriously scolded her for her rudeness, and Clara pronounced herself astonished at the prejudices which made her so blind to his merits.

But Viola heard all they had to say without giving more than the one young ladyish reason for her behavior—that she did not like him, and was so sure she never should, that it would be wasting time to try.

Her father denounced her obstinacy, and went away angry at the defeat of a long-cherished plan; but a little coaxing and petting brought back his good-humor; and Clara was too happy in Sir Vernon's society to be really anxious to relinquish his arm and his attentions to any one.

But now a new tormentor sprung up in the shape of Stanley Tremayne, who, as he said, superintended Viola's sketches, guiding her hand, or cutting her pencils, blending with his instructions a very sober regret that she treated his friend so coldly. They were intimate enough now for him to venture this, and the young lady heard him without being offended; but his pertinacity vexed her at last, and, closing her portfolio, she rose to leave him.

"Are you going, Miss Dalrymple?" he asked. "Is the voice of a peacemaker so harsh in your ears?"

"Choose any other topic, and I will listen to you with pleasure," she said, resuming her seat.

"Should I be true to my cause if I obeyed this injunction?" he asked.

Viola glanced up furtively, but meeting his earnest gaze, she turned crimson.

"Do you then make Sir Vernon's cause yours?" she said.

He hesitated, then replied in the affirmative.

"Has he exacted this of your friendship?" demanded Viola, with a scornful curl of her lip; "and if so, what am I expected to say?"

Mr. Tremayne seemed to find the question a difficult one; but at last he replied, "Sir Vernon longs to resume the frank and pleasant intercourse of early days."

"He is very kind," she said, demurely, "but the cat he delighted to tease is dead, my doll I have discarded, and I have outgrown my terrors of great dogs. My own recollections of these early days are not so agreeable as to induce me to wish to recall them. The truth is, Mr. Tremayne, he was then a very rude, tormenting boy, and——"

"And Miss Dalrymple a pretty, timid child, who could not perceive under the boy's rough exterior how charming and gentle he thought her!" said Mr. Tremayne. "Was it not so?"

"I do not pretend to know what Sir Vernon really thought," she replied, coloring deeply. "I only know that the most flattering attention I can remember to have received from him was the gift of a bird's nest."

"Which he risked his neck to procure," murmured Mr. Tremayne.

"Possibly," said the lady, indifferently: "if so, I never knew it. My childish indignation, that he could think so barbarous an act would please me, swallowed up all other sensations."

"Poor Vernon!" cried Mr. Tremayne, with an audible sigh; "must I then tell him that you are implacable?"

Viola stooped over her sketch for a moment, and then looking up steadily, replied, "Will you believe my assurance that this raillery is most unpleasant to me? To Sir Vernon's confidant it will perhaps be as well to add that I can never think or feel differently towards him from what I do now."

"If you knew how deeply——" Mr. Tremayne began; but Viola, with scarlet cheeks, had started up, and the sketches were scattered at her feet.

"Sir, this persistence is unkind, ungentlemanly," she said, and she walked proudly away, leaving him to collect the contents of the portfolio; amongst which, by-the-by, he found a very spirited sketch of his own features. As he drew near the house, Sir Vernon and Clara came up, and the latter ran away to look for her friend.

"Well?" asked one gentleman of the other.

"And well?" was the thoughtful answer. "There is no hope for poor Sir Vernon."

"Humph!" said he; "and Stanley Tremayne?"

"Has not ventured to plead for himself," was the reply.

At this moment Mr. Dalrymple came towards them, and the dialogue ended.

* * * * * *

"And so our pleasant sojourn at Lytham ends to-morrow?" said Stanley Tremayne, with a saddened tone.

Miss Dalrymple, who had forgiven him three days ago, looked up from her book, and drew her shawl around her with a little shiver.

"Ours does," she replied. "We have lingered here much longer than my father originally intended; and it grows bleak and cold. I have not ventured beyond this verandah to-day, and Clara is sedulously practising her long-neglected music,

—a proof that her thoughts are wandering homeward."

Mr. Tremayne glanced through the open window of the drawing-room and smiled. Miss Forcester was at the piano, certainly; but her hands were in her lap, and she was listening, with downcast eyes, to the earnest whispers of the gentleman who leaned over her.

Viola's glance followed Stanley, and blushing, she rose to enter the room, and recall Clara to a remembrance that there were lookers-on.

"Don't go," said Tremayne, earnestly, "don't go. They are happy; why interrupt them? You must have seen, Miss Dalrymple, that our friends have learned to love each other."

"I am so pleased!" said Viola, and her face wore a glad smile. "Clara's a dear girl, and will make him very happy. You are quite sure of this?"

"I had it from his own lips that he intended to learn his fate to-day," was the reply; "and, if we may judge from appearances, the fair ruler of it has been propitious to his pleadings."

Miss Dalrymple smiled again, and began to look a little scandalised, and to remember that her good, easy father, who was sleeping there so comfortably and unconsciously, was in some degree answerable for Clara's proceedings while under his protection.

"It is very sudden," she said, thoughtfully. "They have only known each other a few weeks. I hope Mrs. Forcester will feel satisfied."

"Of course," replied Mr. Tremayne, "everything that is proper must be done; but I have no doubt my friend will be able to satisfy Mr. Forcester's scruples, if she has any."

Viola turned over the leaves of her book, and meditated, while her companion, leaning carelessly against the trellis, gazed down upon her with something of tender admiration and secret uneasiness mingling in his glances.

"It will be delightful to have Clara so near," she broke the silence by saying. "Lisle Park has been shut up so long, that it will be real enjoyment to see it thrown open again, and merry faces and busy movements peopling it. Do you know Lisle? It is such a lovely place! I have often driven there in the pony chaise for the gratification of wandering through the rooms, or reading in the oriel window of the noble library."

"Strange, Miss Dalrymple," said Mr. Tremayne, "to like the house so well, and yet detest the owner!"

"Detest him?" she said—"oh no, I have never detested him. Indeed I believe him to be a very worthy young man, or I should not rejoice at his attachment to Clara."

"Rude, ill-mannered, and unintellectual," said Mr. Tremayne.

"As a boy," replied Viola.

"Short, ugly, and red-haired," continued Mr. Tremayne.

"Sir Vernon is almost as tall as yourself," said Viola, looking surprised and half affronted; "and I do not think that I ever spoke of him in such terms to you, Mr. Tremayne."

"To me?" he said; "oh no. You have contented yourself with testifying a very quiet and decided dislike to one who came to England full of the sweet hope of winning the affections of his destined bride."

Viola averted her face for a moment, but when she raised it again there was not a shadow upon it.

"Rest assured, Mr. Tremayne, that it is for the best," said Viola. "I am very proud; and to know that the world—nay, Sir Vernon himself—might have believed that his wealth had something to do with my acceptance, would have stung me to the quick. Now, I can have a very friendly liking for my old playfellow, and rejoice in the felicity of my friend."

"Then," said Mr. Tremayne, detaining her as she rose, "you could have loved him but for these scruples? Your recollections of the rude, red-haired boy were not all resentful ones."

"You are not my confessor, Mr. Tremayne," said Viola, smiling, and trying to disengage her hand.

"I would I were," he replied, in great agitation. "I am longing to ask you what I fear to hear you answer."

In great confusion she sank back on her seat, and he sat down beside her.

"Ah, Viola, you are too frank and generous to pretend to misunderstand me," he said. "Your heart divines my love. Nay, do not leave me. Tell me that I may hope to call you mine."

Viola's answer was so very indistinct that we cannot attempt to pen it; but apparently it was satisfactory, for Stanley's arm stole round her, and when Mr. Dalrymple's nap ended in a loud yawn, which startled the couple at the pianoforte, an engagement ring was on Viola's taper finger, and Stanley looked saucily happy.

"Poor papa!" she whispered, freeing herself with a cloud dimming the brightness of her glowing face, "poor papa! what shall we say to him? I am afraid when he hears all this he will be disappointed."

"I don't think he will, love," replied Stanley. "But come in; it is too chilly for you to sit here any longer."

Clara began to busy herself in finding a song as they entered, and Mr. Dalrymple started up, declaring that the music had been so sweet that it had almost lulled him to sleep.

The young men met in the middle of the room with a hearty clasp of hands, and then both of them turned to Mr. Dalrymple.

"Wish us joy, sir," they said.

The old gentleman looked delighted.

"Eh, what?" said he. "Is it all settled, Viola?"

She was gliding hastily away, but her father encircled her in his arms, and kissed her fondly.

"Naughty puss!" said he. "So you won't stay to hear papa's congratulations? God bless you, my child! Then my wish is to be gratified after all, and the son of my old friend will wed my daughter."

"Oh papa, hush, hush!" she faltered, in great confusion; "you are mistaken. It is not Sir Vernon.

"I hope it is," said a voice in her ear. "I am not at all disposed to relinquish you after your promise to be mine."

Clara laughed merrily at the perplexed air with which Viola shyly regarded her lover. "You are trying to mystify me," she said.

"No, love, the mystification is over," he replied, "and you shall have the explanation directly."

"I think I begain to comprehend it for myself," she said, in doubt whether to be angry or not. "But has every one been in the plot against me?"

"I am afraid so," cried the still laughing Clara; "even to that rude boy whom you can never, never——hem!"

"It is too bad," Viola began, sliding from her father's embrace; but other arms instantly enfolded her, and led her away.

"Love, you must forgive us, or rather forgive me," he said, "for the fault is mine. By a strange chance, Stanley and I, reaching Lisle Park sooner than we were expected, overheard a conversation between you and Miss Forcester, that convinced me I stood a poor chance of winning you. To secure a fairer field we followed you to Lytham, and changed names."

"And I have been the jest of every one all this time!" was the pettish exclamation.

"No, no, dearest," he replied; "the secret has been confined to ourselves. But how could I honorably woo you without Mr. Dalrymple's sanction, or Tremayne address Miss Forcester while she was in ignorance that, although of good birth and position, he had no baronetcy to boast of?"

We must suppose Viola permitted herself to be appeased by these arguments, for at the studio of one of the R.A.'s may now be seen an animated painting of a very lovely woman, seated in the oriel window of a fine old library, and the name beneath tells us that it is the portrait of Viola, the lady of Sir Vernon Lisle, of Lisle Park.

The Mysterious Baby.

BY M. K.

WE had just taken our seats at the tea-table one evening, when a flash of lightning and a heavy peal of thunder told us that the storm we had been expecting all day had at last broken over the city with a fury which betokened it was no passing shower, and bade us expect a long and terrible tempest.

No chance of interruption to-night, I thought, as I opened the pages of a work of my favorite author, and seated myself in my little easy-chair. I was mistaken, however, for hardly had I perused three sentences when a ring, hard and imperative, sounded through the house.

"Who can it possibly be on such a night as this?" I said, running to open the door myself, while Mr. Psalter, my husband, followed me into the hall, for the same idea had taken possession of our minds at the same moment, namely, that some accident had happened to my brother Tom's family, and that he had sent for us. Tom himself stood, indeed, upon the doorstep, wet to the skin, and holding a large bundle in his arms, which he extended towards me, with the laconic observation,—

"Take it."

I received the burden, but almost dropped it again, so overcome was I with astonishment, for, if you will believe me, it was nothing more nor less than a young—a very young—baby.

"I do not wonder that you are surprised, Emma," said Tom, in answer to my start, I suppose, for I had not spoken. "Just wrap it up in something dry, and I'll tell you all about it."

"You know, I suppose," he began, "that I have been up to Newark for a few days, but you do not know that I returned this morning about five o'clock. Just as I stepped from the train, I noticed a woman with a baby in her arms, who was walking in the same direction with myself. We had proceeded some distance, when she turned suddenly, and began to ejaculate,—

"'Billy! Billy! where is little Billy? Have you seen a little boy with a blue jacket and a straw hat following me, sir?'

"I replied in the negative.

"'Oh, dear!' she exclaimed, with every appearance of genuine alarm; 'oh, dear! I must have left him behind. Won't you be so kind as to hold this baby, sir—I'll not be gone two minutes—while I run after him? Oh, Billy, Billy!'

"I never for one moment suspected that the woman was acting, her alarm seemed so perfectly natural; so I took the baby, and she went after Billy!"

"And stayed, I suppose?" I interrupted.

"Yes—she did not come back," replied Tom; "although I waited for two hours, until that terrible rain came on, when I decided to bring the child here. I declare I could not believe I had been taken in, she was such a respectable-looking woman!"

I laughed.

"What do you intend to do with the baby? And why did you not take it home to Jane in the first place?"

Tom looked confused.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I have heard Jane express some peculiar opinions on such subjects, and, to tell you the truth, I did not know how she might take it."

I was very, very foolish, or I never would have given my consent to such a thing; but, somehow, against my own better judgment, I acquiesced in the arrangement, and when the storm had in some measure subsided, Tom departed, leaving the child in my care.

Such an unmanageable, ill-tempered baby was never seen before, I do believe. It cried—and no wonder—all night. I was fairly worn out before morning.

After breakfast I examined the baby's clothes. They were of good quality, and well made. Evidently, the poor child had not belonged to very poor people, and had been properly taken care of. I was much puzzled to account for its desertion.

After dressing and feeding the babe I lay down on my lounge in hopes of enjoying a little rest; but scarcely had my head touched the pillow when the girl informed me that I was "wanted in the parlor." I obeyed the summons, and found Tom waiting for me. He was in great trepidation. Jane was coming to spend the afternoon with me, and he begged me very earnestly to keep his secret just a little while.

"But how shall I account for the baby?" I inquired.

"Oh, say it has been left in your care—make some excuse for its presence. Women can always invent reasons for everything. All I wish is, do not tell Jane until I ask you to."

I promised obedience, but I must confess, with many misgivings, and some compunction of conscience.

Sister-in-law came that afternoon, as Tom had predicted. She was in a very bad humor, and brought an intricate piece of crochet-work in her basket.

"There, don't ask me how I am," was her first salutation. "No one has who has to bear such things as I have, can be well."

"Dear me, what has happened?" I inquired.

"Don't ask me," replied the sister-in-law. "He is your brother, and I won't expose him. I won't mention the time he comes home at night, and I'll say nothing about his temper; and I won't even allude to the fact that I can't have have a dressmaker in the house but he must say she is good-looking. But I will say, what I bear no one else would put up with for a moment." And sister-in-law plied her crochet-needle with redoubted energy.

I was about to make some consolatory remark, when the girl opened the door, and putting her head in, exclaimed, at the top of her voice,—

"You'll have to come, Mrs. Psalter. I can't do nothin' with that young 'un."

There was no help for it now, so I was obliged to inform sister-in-law that a friend of mine had left a baby in my care for a few days.

"Well, you must be of a very obliging disposition to take care of so young a child," said sister-in-law. "It's more than I would do."

I began to be of her opinion at last, and the more so, as the child began to scream passionately, and manifest the greatest dislike and disgust to all present. Various means of pacification, which occupied the whole afternoon, were tried in vain. The child was evidently pining for its mother, and would not be comforted. Just as the gentlemen arrived in the evening it sunk into an uneasy nap, and I descended to the parlor.

Sister-in-law had taken my little daughter Fanny on her knees, and Tom was walking restlessly about the room, while Psalter lounged on the sofa, and Tom looked out of the window.

"Well, that is a nice little baby isn't it, Fanny?" were the first words I heard sister-in-law utter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child.

"What is the baby's name, Fanny?" queried Jane.

"I don't know," said Fanny; but Uncle Tom does—he brought it, you know."

"Uncle Tom brought the baby?"

"Yes, aunty, the night it stormed so," answered the unconscious little mischief-maker.

Sister-in-law sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Tom, you villain!" she cried, "have I found you out at last? And, you, too, Emma—to think that you would countenance such proceedings in your house! I've suspected something for a long time, and now——. Oh, Tom, Tom, Tom!"

"Just listen one moment, and I'll explain," pleaded Tom.

"Don't speak to me," answered Jane; "not one word will I listen to."

"But you must," I cried. "Tom was going to tell you all about it in a few days. He——"

"There is no need of explanation," said Jane; "the fact speaks for itself. If Tom brought that baby here——"

"He did," I answered, "but——"

There are no 'buts' about it," interrupted Jane, hurrying on her things. "I am going home to ma and pa."

Such a scene followed, every one explaining at the top of their voices, and sister-in-law disregarding everything that was said, and repeating that she knew it all long, and that she was going home to her parents.

In fact, she did at length, despite all our endeavors, gain the street door and descend the steps, followed by Tom, whose agitation knew no bounds.

The twilight was melting into darkness; but it was still light enough to discern every feature, and, as the pair descended the steps, another couple ran full tilt against them. Instead of the usual half apology, the female, who was stout and florid, turned round, looked full in Tom's face and collared him.

"I know you," she cried. "It's him, James. I know him. Make him tell you what he has done with our baby."

Tom staggered back.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, "it is the baby's mother! So you didn't mean to leave it, after all?"

"Mean to leave my baby!" answered the woman; "what do you mean? Tell me what you've done with the child, or I'll choke you. After I'd caught little Billy, I came back to where I'd left you, and you wasn't there, you kidnapper. Where is the baby, before I call the police?"

"Your baby is safe, ma'am," said sister-in-law, who began to comprehend affairs. "And I must say you have the least gratitude of any one I ever heard of. We supposed, of course, that your child had been abandoned, and it has been well cared for by the gentleman whom you should thank instead of abuse."

By this time I had brought the baby to the door, and, after much explanation, the injured mother began to admit the possibility that the whole affair had not been a preconcerted plan to rob her of her child, condescended to receive our apologies, and departed.

Only too glad to be relieved from this dilemma we re-entered the house, and there explanations and apologies were made, forgiveness was accorded, kisses of reconciliation were exchanged, and, in the greatest unanimity, we all sat down to tea.

Every story should have its moral, and the one that I deduct from this is: Never keep a secret from your wife, for two reasons—one that it is wrong; the other, that it is impossible.

Annie's Wisdom.

BY M. H

"COME, Annie," said Mrs. Burt, sharply, "what are you dreaming about? Eleven o'clock and the drawing-room not dusted, and Lizzie calling you to help hang out the clothes, and the cooking to be looked after, and you here, dawdling away your time like a fine lady!"

Annie Burt jumped quickly up, hiding her yellow-covered novel, as she did so, under the sofa cushion.

"I wish I were a fine lady," said she. "I'd be practising sonatas on the piano, or sketching, or doing fancy work instead of working like a slave!"

Mrs. Burt looked keenly at her daughter.

"Annie," said she, "you know very well you needn't work unless you've a mind to."

The girl tossed her sunny head with a movement of disdain.

"I don't know how you make that out," said she.

"You can marry this rich relation of ours, if you please," insinuated her mother. "He wants a wife to keep that grand new house of his, on Warren Hill!"

Annie laughed.

"How do I know he'll like me?" she questioned.

"Nonsense, Annie! There's no need to tell you that. You're as pretty as most girls," said Mrs. Burt, viewing her daughter with maternal pride.

"And how do I know I shall like him?"

"Why shouldn't you like him? He can't be more than sixty, and a man at sixty ought to be in his prime. And he's very handsome—at least Helen Massey says he used to be. And you know very well you can make him love you fast enough!"

Annie pursed up her cherry dot of a mouth.

"A lover of sixty," cried she, "who used to be handsome when Helen Massey was a girl! Oh, mother!"

"A handsome house and a grand carriage of your own," artfully interposed Mrs. Burt. "And servants to do all this drudgery that comes so hard on you now, and a good home for your poor father and——"

"All this is taking a great deal for granted," cried Annie, dancing across the room. "Just hear Lizzie bawling for help! I think she'll drown herself in the washtub if I don't come pretty soon. He's to be here at mid-day, isn't he? Oh, mother, you'll see after the cooking yourself. And, mother—I declare I never thought of it until this minute, but here's a note from the school trustees asking you if you can board the new schoolmaster for a week or so."

Mrs. Burt gave a start of dismay.

"The new schoolmaster!" she echoed. "But, Annie, he can't come this week! We only have the one spare room, and your cousin from London is to be here to-day; and, besides, we can't be bothered with schoolmasters when there's so much to be done. Write and tell the trustees so at once. I dare say the man could go to Mrs. Topham's this week. There he is, coming now. Tell him, Annie."

A score of dimples broke out around Annie Burt's bewitching little Cupid's bow of a mouth; her blue eyes sparkled with fun.

"Tell him yourself, mother," she retorted. "I don't know what on earth to say."

And, thus forced into the breach, Mrs. Burt unwillingly advanced towards a tall, preternaturally slender young man who was coming hesitatingly towards the house, with a baggy umbrella in one hand and a shabby valise in the other. He paused and set down the latter, that he might the more conveniently raise a still shabbier hat from his perspiring brow, as he saw the two women.

"He has got nice eyes, in spite of that tow-colored hair of his," thought Annie. "I'm glad I'm not mother!"

"Is this Mr. Burt's house?" asked the young man, diffidently.

"Yes, it is," answered the lady of the house. "But there's a mistake, I think. We can't accommodate you!"

"Poor fellow!" thought Annie. "How he colors! I'm sorry now I led mother to it. I might have softened matters a little. How tired he looks, and I'm sure that valise must weigh a quarter of a ton, at least!"

"Better go to Mrs. Topham's, half a-mile down the road, tell her I sent you. It isn't convenient for us to entertain you here to-day."

And, to nip the whole matter in the bud, Mrs. Burt turned short round and made a dive into the house, resolutely closing the door behind her.

"There," said she, "it's done! I couldn't have him here!"

"He hasn't gone yet," said Annie, her pretty nose flattened against the fanlights of the hall door.

"What's he doing?" sharply queried her mother.

"He has sat down on his valise. Now he is wiping his forehead with a very nice white pocket-handkerchief. Now he's looking back at the house. Oh, mother, don't you think——"

"Annie," said Mrs. Burt, in accents of condensed exasperation, "I don't think anything at all? But if you don't go and help Lizzie with the washing, I'll go myself, and there's an end of it!"

And Annie, who knew the meaning of her mother's voice as well as a musician comprehends his gamut, obeyed at once.

Was it her fault that Lizzie had suspended the clothes-line in that velvet-green meadow through which the brook gurgled like a laughing, frolicsome child?

Was it through any complicity of hers that the tall young man had selected that especial "short cut" from the Burt farmhouse to the highroad?

Annie stopped and looked at him, her mouth full of clothes-pins, her bonnie brown curls blown hither and thither, like a meadow of ripened wheat in a September gale.

"He has stopped to eat blackberries," thought she. "He must be very hungry. Young man, I say—young man!",

The stranger started.

"I beg your pardon!" said he. "Am I trespassing?"

"No," said Annie, "it isn't that. Anyone is welcome to the wild blackberries. But you seem hungry!"

"I'm almost famished," frankly admitted the young man. "I breakfasted at six, and I've had nothing since."

"It's too bad!" cried sympathetic Annie. "Look here—you shall come to our house! I don't care what mother says!"

"You are Miss Burt?" he asked.

"They call me Annie," said the girl. "I declare, it's semi-barbarous, this sort of thing! We've no business to act like the priest and the Levite, even if we do happen to be expecting company from the city. There's a very nice little bedr om over the kitchen, sir, if you don't mind the chimney going through it, and the out- into the poultry-yard behind, and I'll get you some dinner myself. Come!"

With the gesture of a modern Queen Boadicea bidding her serf "Follow me!" Annie left the basket of clothes to its fate and led the way back to the house, where Mrs. Burt was even th n beating eggs for a pudding by the kitchen table.

"Mother," said she, "I've brought the schoolmaster back. Don't be vexed; but he was so tired and hungry, poor fellow! I'll fix up the kitchen bedroom for him, and it will take only a few minutes to cook a bit of beef steak and make a cup of coffee."

"Annie," cried the despairing matron, "I think you must be crazy!"

"Ma am," said the bewildered stranger, "I do not desire to intrude, if——"

"It's all right, mother," said Annie, flying briskly around, pouring out a bowl of rich milk, and bringing out a tempting-looking loaf and some butter, and urging her companion to "eat that to begin with!" while she measured out some coffee and put a juicy slab of steak on the gridiron over a bed of white-hot coals.

At that moment there came a fusillade of knocks at the hall portals beyond.

"It's your cousin, Annie!" cried Mrs. Burt, hastening to open the door.

It was a stout, thick-set man, in blue spectacles and a pepper-and-salt suit.

"Cousin Joseph!" smiled Mrs. Burt, holding out both hands in ostentatious welcome.

"Ma'am?" said the stranger, vacantly.

"He must must be a little deaf," thought Mrs. Burt; and she raised her voice accordingly.

"That ain't my name, ma'am," said the stout man with the blue glasses; "and I ain't hard o' hearin', neither. I'm John Everitt, engaged to commence teachin' the district school to-morrow morning, and the trustees——"

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt, "if you're the school-teacher, who's this young man? I knew how it would be, Annie. He's a tramp—an impostor! Call the man, loose the dog!"

The young man—who had just disposed of his last mouthful of bread and butter—here rose to his full height.

"Up to this time," said he, "no one has asked me for my name or credentials. Everything appears to have been taken for granted; but if any one is doubtful of my identity, I shall be pleased to settle the matter. I am Gilbert Warren from London, and I presume I have the pleasure of speaking to my cousins, Miss and Mrs. Burt?"

"Gilbert Warren!" cried Mrs. Burt. "Why' he is sixty! Miss Helen Massey—"

"You are probably thinking of my uncle, who died last month," said the stranger. "Miss Helen Massey, I know, was an old sweetheart of his. And I, as heir and representative, have decided to carry out the plans he had made for visiting his relations in this neighborhood."

"Well," cried Annie, with eyes that shone like hazel diamonds, as she poured out two cups of fragrant coffee, "if you have cheated the schoolmaster out of his welcome, Cousin Gilbert, you must be content to share your dinner with him; for I won't have anyone else turned out of doors to-day, no matter what happens."

"My dear little Cousin Annie!" cried Mr. Warren, "you are the very soul of hospitality. Depend upon it, I never shall forget this bread and butter."

The schoolmaster unpacked his clean collars and text books in the kitchen bedroom. Mr. Gilbert Warren helped Annie start a box of geranium slips in the garden. Out by the chattering little brooklet Lizzie muttered to herself as she hung snowy pocket-handkerchiefs and napkins galore to dry; and Mrs. Burt, as she took her puddings out of the saucepan thought, with a thrill of triumph:

"Annie was wiser than I was, after all. And I do believe things are going to happen just as I wanted them to."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In open court in Chicago, the other day, Attorney Richard Wallace declared there was no civilization in that city. "The place is," he exclaimed, "inhabited by barbarians, thieves and outcasts. There is no humanity, even in the courts." This outburst was the result of efforts in behalf of a boy, convicted of the larceny of a horse and buggy, and for whom a new trial had been asked, and who has been in jail nearly a year awaiting a final settlement.

Seven well preserved mummies were recently discovered beneath the ruins of the cliff-dwellers' houses in Southeastern Utah. Among the collection is a male of giant stature, two females and two boys. They are not bodies of the cliff dwellers themselves, but are thought to be of a race that antedated these curious people. Their hair is reddish and the skulls shaped like the Caucasians. The bodies were covered with a curious matting and blankets of wool and feathers.

A prisoner in a Colorado prison liked his quarters so well that when his time, less commutation for good behavior, was up he begged to be allowed to remain. His request being refused, he raised the point that he did not have to accept the month's rebate for good behavior unless he wished to. As he did not want to accept the commutation, he held that they could not put him out of jail legally until the entire 12 months for which he was originally sentenced was served. The question has been laid before the Governor.

In the Russian army there is one particular regiment of infantry of the guards, formed by Emperor Paul, the men of which are recruited, not so much with regard to their height or the color of their hair and complexion as to the shape of their noses. Emperor Paul had a typical Kalmuck nose of the most excruciatingly uptilted pattern, and since then, out of compliment to him, all of the officers and men of this particular regiment have noses of the same shape, the sight which they present on parade being somewhat startling.

A dog owned by Daniel Ulry, of Harlem township, Ohio, saved the lives of Mr. Ulry and his son Jacob, a few days ago. Mr. Ulry was attacked by an infuriated bull, and was gored terribly. His cries brought the dog to the scene, who flew at the beast. This caused the bull to turn around, and allowed the battered farmer to escape home. Two hours later Jacob attempted to lead the animal out when he met with a similar experience. The bull plunged at him, but the dog again came to the rescue, and gave the son a chance to escape by sinking his teeth in the animal.

A unique industry carried on in Fleet street, London, is that of usurer to newsboys. His rates are a trifle high—two pence in the shilling for a brief loan—but then his risk is heavy. He has no security for money sent whatever. Still there is a regular method to be pursued in negotiating a loan. No boy is advanced money unless another youngster answers for it that he is the sort of a boy to repay a loan. No 2 does not become security, but it is a part of the agreement that if No. 1 fails to pay to time the latter will receive a sound thrashing at the hands of his sponsor. This is the only satisfaction the newsboy-broker ever gets if one of his juvenile borrowers forgets to repay the loan. This, however, rarely happens.

James Payn tells an amusing story concerning a well-known club in Pall Mall. "A member lost his umbrella there, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: 'The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it.' The house committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them. 'Why, sir,' they said, 'should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?' 'Well,' he replied, 'the first article in the club rules says that this club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen, and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman.'"

In an old cafe in Venice there lived a magnificent cat, the pet of all the guests. This cat died lately peacefully, and when the news got about some neighbors made a collection of 200 francs for the purpose of erecting some kind of a monument. The work was confided to two artists, who modelled the statue of the cat in clay and took a plaster cast, painted like bronze. The other evening this little monument was inaugurated at the cafe, and so great was the crowd that the doors had to be shut. The ceremony was conducted in serio-comic style; speeches were made, poetry was recited, the monument was placed in position, and, finally, the master of the cafe was presented with an album containing prose and verse, and a number of pretended letters of condolence, signed with the names of high personages. As the sculptors refused any remuneration, the sum collected was distributed among the poor.

TEACHER—"Didn't I hear that little Smith boy swearing dreadfully when I went by your house to-day." Jimmie—"Was he with me in our front yard?" Teacher—"Yes." "Well, then, it was the Smith boy; 'cause I only swore in the alley."

PATENTS

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There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

A COMICAL SHOT.

BY M. M. W.

"NOW, Jess, whose kite will fly higher? You see—mine will."

"Nothing of the kind, you conceited boy; girls always do everything better than boys nowadays. Look!

And off they scampered, boy and girl, flying their kites as high as ever they could Jess certainly had the better of it, for hers was shaped like a big owl, or, with a slight stretch of imagination, a bat, and a bat with a mind of its own, too, for it twirled about in mid-air in the most peculiar manner possible.

"Did ever anybody see such a comical kite? I believe it's a goblin one, and knows what it's doing."

"Nonsense!" shouted back Charlie, far in front. "All bosh! you want me to lose the race waiting to watch you. I know what you're up to. Girls always do everything better than boys, don't they? Come on, and win if you can!"

Sure enough, watching her kite didn't help Jess on; so seeing her brother far away in front, and hearing his taunt about girls, she flew after him.

"Such impudence! just like a boy," thought she; but to be beaten by him—certainly not: it wasn't to be thought of; and so she doubled her pace, taking care to look where she was going, but unfortunately leaving the goblin kite to take care of itself.

All went well for a short time, till just turning round a corner by Squire Martin's grounds, and when she was almost up to Charlie, going to beat him, she felt a tug at the string of her kite.

"Oh, dear! what's that" she cried. "You are a tiresome thing, to be sure!" giving a big pull at her end.

As she said so, it went, leaving her without the "tiresome thing," and only a piece of string helplessly dangling from her hand.

"Oh, Charlie, what shall I do? It's gone! I've lost my kite, see it's stuck right up in the top branches of Squire Martin's big apple tree."

"Humph! it's got a taste for fruit, I expect; sensible bird," quoth Charlie. "I thought girls always—um!" But, seeing poor Jess with real tears in her eyes, and looking very wretched at the prospect of losing her new play thing, which cost a whole dime, the troublesome Charlie, after looking at her with a comical mixture of sympathy in his face, came to her help with a bright idea. "I'll tell you what we will do," said the young rascal: "it's nearly dinner-time now, and I've got on my school clothes: we'll go home, have dinner, I'll change my things, we will come back in the evening, and I will climb the tree for your kite—he'll be safe enough till we come. But mind, I've won the race! and you've got to say when I bring it down, 'Charlie, girls don't always do everything better than boys nowadays,' and beg my pardon, too, in the bargain, just for the sake of all the other boys"

No answer was made to this speech, but it was evidently felt, to judge from the crestfallen look of the poor little owner of the lost kite. Besides, good advice, no matter how unpleasant, was better than none: so back they trotted home to make their preparations.

Now it happened that Squire Martin was in the habit of taking a walk round his house after his dinner, and as he was a keen naturalist he amused himself at the same time watching the birds and insects which peopled his garden.

On this particular evening the good old gentleman was peacefully walking along, puffing at his pipe with hands clasped behind him, when suddenly he stopped just in front of the apple tree, hunted for his eyeglasses, and after adjusting them, peered very cautiously up among the branches to where Jess's goblin kite was caught.

"Dear me—very singular! it must be a very rare specimen of owl; to be sure, it's evening now, and my eyes aren't so young as they used to be, but I'll have a pop at him, if I can Dear, dear! to think I shall perhaps be able to capture a new specimen, and win renown in my old age."

All the time Squire Martin was turning these thoughts in his mind he was trotting along on tip-toe for fear of disturbing the bird.

Once back to the house, everybody was startled by his calling—

"John! John! bring my gun; quick, man—look sharp!"

"My dear, my dear, what is wrong? is it burglars?" cried his wife, running out from the drawing-room; "think of me, my dear! think of your valuable life! Lock the door, John: as long as they are in the garden they can only steal the fruit"; and with this practical suggestion the dear old lady parted from her husband, whom she had been tightly holding, to trot and endeavor to bolt the garden door.

"Don't be foolish, my dear!" cried her husband; "it's not a burglar—it's a very fine specimen of a rare owl, which is in the big apple tree at the end of the garden, and I shall lose it with all this nonsense if you don't be quiet and give me my gun. John, look sharp!" John stood gaping at his master, not quite certain whether he had taken leave of his senses to ask for his gun, so long unused. However, when he heard this explanation he ran off, and presently returned with the weapon ready loaded, and, following his master, the two cautiously crept out into the garden.

"Hush! hush! There it is, sure enough. Wonderful animal! to think it should sit still so long—just to be caught, too!"

"Now, sir; just you take good aim at the beast, and never mind about the sense of the thing," responded John, who didn't see the use of his master talking thus, while he had the risk of losing the game after all their trouble in loading the gun to shoot it.

Very slowly Squire Martin raised his weapon, adjusting his eye-glasses firmly, with an air of resolution, on his nose—and bang! bang! off went two shots in fine style. The old gentleman was getting warmed to his work, and the crack of the gun made him quite excited.

Dropping the weapon, he shouted, "Load again, John. I believe I've hit it, but it hasn't fallen—strange specimen, certainly."

John, meanwhile, ran back to the house, gun in hand, to reload it for his master; and how much shot and powder might have been wasted upon the mysterious bird I cannot tell, for suddenly a curly head, followed by a sturdy pair of shoulders, appeared over the wall, and a shrill boy's voice asked, with just a suspicion of a laugh in it—

"Please, sir, can I go up and fetch him down?"

The unexpected sound made the squire start. However, the suggestion wasn't a bad one, and he and John were both neither so young nor so light as they had once been, and if they couldn't climb the tree he didn't see how the bird was to be brought down.

"Yes, my boy; if you like to go and not frighten it, I'll give you half a crown—but you mustn't lose the bird, mind—bring it to me."

"All right, sir; I'll go," and in a minute or two Charlie, for it was he, had climbed up into the highest branches of the apple-tree and caught his prize.

"Fill your pockets!" cried the delighted old gentleman, who saw in the dim light the mysterious specimen captured.

Charlie did fill his pockets, and on coming down took care to land on the top of the wall, from which it was easy easy to get down, before he handed his prize to John, who had returned with the gun. When the "bird" was examined, one of the heartiest roars of laughter ever heard was the result.

Charlie, however, ran home with the silver prize which Jess divided with him, though he remarked that boys climb trees better than girls, after all.

COURT OFFICERS.

BY SHEILA.

THERE was once a king of Spain who, seated one day near a large wood fire, found it too hot to be comfortable; in fact, it blazed so fiercely that he was almost roasted. Presently a marquis appeared, and the king requested him to damp the fire; but the latter, with a low bow, begged to remind his Majesty that it was not his place to do that, but the Duke of Uzeda's.

Unfortunately, the duke happened to be absent, and as it was not the proper thing for anyone else to attend to the royal fire, or for the king to get up from his chair and sit somewhere else, nothing could be done. His Majesty bore the heat as well as he could, but the next day he fell ill of a fever, and shortly afterwards he died.

This story is told of Philip III. of Spain; but I should not like to assure you that it is strictly true. At the same time, we find plenty of anecdotes that show how very much the officers of the court in the olden days stood upon their dignity. Everything was regulated with the greatest care, and with due regard to the rank of the various officials.

For instance, when Louis XIV. rose in the morning, the grand chamberlain had the honor of putting on his dressing gown; the cravatier put on his neck-cloth, but it was the privilege of the master of the wardrobe to arrange his cravat. Nearly every article of clothing had to be presented by a different attendant; and when Louis went hunting, the moment he mounted his horse it the chief huntsman had to hand him a stick, to move the branches out of the way.

Louis XIV. was one of the most particular kings who ever reigned, and insisted upon being served with an amount of ceremony which must have been dreadfully wearisome at times.

The royal attendants often quarreled; and once, when a boy-king of France was going in his carriage and eight to the fair at St. Germains, two of his noble servants had such a dispute as to where they were to sit, that poor little Louis never got to the fair at all. The king was already in the carriage, but as it was not correct for him to drive without these two great officers of the court, and as neither would allow his companion to sit in the best place, his small Majesty, deeply disappointed, had to get out again, and missed the fair for that year. It is not all that is delightful, you perceive, to be a king!

Louis XV., the king we have just been talking about, had in later life a great many daughters, one of whom was called Louise. When this princess was only a little girl of three, she had her meals served in state, just as if she had been grown up, and very fine airs did she give herself, in consequence.

It was the custom when any of the royal family were drinking for the ladies and gentlemen in waiting to stand up. The princess's governess thinking that so much deference was not doing her little charge any good, told them to forego this ceremony for the present.

Louise raised the cup to her lips, but seeing that no one rose, she instantly stopped, and issued the stately order:

"Stand up, if you please; Madame Louise is drinking."

An officer who only appears at the coronation of an English sovereign is the Champion. When George III. was crowned, the Champion, armed like a knight, rode into Westminster Hall during the banquet, preceded by a herald and followed by four pages.

Dashing his gauntlet down upon the ground, he challenged anyone to meet him in single combat who denied that George III. was the rightful king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. After waiting a few moments, as no one responded to the challenge, the glove was picked up by one of the pages; the king then drank to the Champion, and sent the gilt cup to him, which, after drinking the king's health from it, he kept for his own.

Another rider made his appearance at this banquet, for after the first course had been served at the royal table, it was the duty of Earl Talbot, as Lord High Steward, to ride up to the dais where the king and queen sat, make a bow, and retire.

The earl had trained his horse to back out in true courtier fashion; but, to his great discomposure, the perverse animal insisted upon backing the moment he entered the hall, and presented his tail to royalty up to the very steps of the dais.

The audience was highly amused, but the feelings of the Lord High Steward were not particularly pleasant.

At George IV.'s coronation banquet not one, but three noble horsemen—one of them the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable—escorted the gentlemen who were carrying the dishes to the royal table. They were fortunately all good cavaliers, for the passage between the long dining tables was a narrow one, and the cheers and clasping of hands that greeted this curious procession made the horses restive. All went well, however, this time, and the three noble officers backed out in the most approved style.

There was formerly an officer attached to the court who had a very strange duty to perform. During Lent he went the rounds as a watchman would do, and crowed like a cock to let people know what time it was. If it was four o'clock, he gave four crows; if eight o'clock, eight, and so on.

George I., who had not heard of this custom, was much surprised when a man strode into the hall and commenced crowing. He thought at first it was intended as an insult, and began to get very angry. When his grandson became king, the cock-crowing was abolished; and quite time too, I think.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The tongue of the giraffe is nearly a foot and a half long.

Horace is the name of a town in Greeley county, Kansas.

Aluminum, says an authority, will neither rust nor tarnish.

The Park Commissioners of Boston have ordered bicycles for their officers.

In China, when a pupil is reciting his lesson, he turns his back to the teacher.

It is estimated that 3000 marriages are daily performed throughout the world.

A Chicago dentist advertises a choice of 180 World's Fair views with every tooth he pulls.

The cooper's craft was first employed among the wine growers of Italy about the tenth century.

Horses are so plentiful in Chili and Buenos Ayres that it is not uncommon for beggars to ride.

The license law of San Bernardino, Cal., will not allow two saloons in the same block on one side of the street.

The edible dogs of China are known, it is said, by their bluish-black tongues. They never bark and are very taciturn.

There is a baby in Columbus, Ohio, two months old that weighs 46 pounds. Its mother weighs less than 100 pounds.

The Dakota river, with an estimated length of 600 miles, is believed by many to be the longest unnavigable stream in the world.

H. Purcell, an 82-year-old athlete of Logansport, Indiana, offers to run a half-mile foot race with any octogenarian in the country.

An impoverished family that has been allowed to camp in the City Hall of Nevada, Mo., has been increased by the birth of child No. 11.

A new telephone transmits a whisper to a distance of 300 miles, and a keen ear, if familiar with the speaker, can recognize the voice

The system of numbering the hours of the day from 1 to 24 has been adopted by the Italian railroads, and is in use for all time schedules.

Railway managers, with few exceptions, say that the dining car service is run at a loss to the company, the traveler being the one benefited

The grand jury of Platt City, Mo., has brought indictments against 40 of the leading men and women of the place for playing progressive euchre

While G. W. Malcolm, of Portland, Indiana, was dressing a hen lately, an egg of extraordinary size, containing, it is claimed, three other eggs, was found.

East Greenwich, England, has probably the largest gasometer in the world. When full it contains 12,000,000 cubic feet of gas. It is 180 feet high and 300 feet in diameter.

The editor of a paper at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has been threatened with a suit for libel because he published a picture of a person that was considered a poor likeness.

There are some 120,000 Jews in the Russian army, all of whom, by reason of their religion, are disqualified from promotion beyond the rank of non-commissioned officers.

In Austria laborers who have passed the age of 60 may claim from the Government a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages they received during their working years.

The shark, it has been observed, manifests a distinct choice for people of certain races, and will eat an Asiatic in preference to a negro, and an European rather than either

The Van Rensselaer House, near Albany, is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in the United States. The building was erected in 1643, of bricks imported from Holland.

The Chinese are shown by statistics to be longer lived than any other nation, which fact is attributable to their abstemious habits their remarkable freedom from phthisis, or pulmonary consumption.

The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is deaf, dumb, almost blind and half-witted. The youthful Earl has been afflicted from his childhood, and his condition appears to grow worse with each succeeding year.

A terrapin farm consists of canals with narrow ridges of land between. The ends of the canals are so secured that it is impossible for the terrapin to escape, and the entire farm is surrounded by a high fence.

Of a certain regiment that was enlisted for 100 days, only 614 members are borne on the Government pension roll, but there are two companies whose claims are not yet adjusted. The figures were read out on the floor of Congress a few days ago.

Kingman, Kansas, is a moral town. It is a misdemeanor, punished by both imprisonment and a fine, for a resident to allow his chickens to trespass on his neighbor's property; also unlawful for minors to be on the street after 9 o'clock in the evening, unless a satisfactory excuse for their presence can be offered.

NIGHT.

BY IONA.

Is it some lost spirit wailing,
Wailing at my window pane?
Is it ghost or mist now trailing,
Trailing by the sodden plain,
While the tortured winds are railing,
Railing at the hurricane?

Is it sprite or bird still sailing,
Sailing on the whiten'd main?
Or some fated barque now failing,
Failing, ne'er to float again;
While despairing cries are wailing,
Wailing through the hurricane?

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

For the benefit of our young people, we give a few old superstitions regarding the cup that cheers. "If you put cream into your cup before the sugar it will "cross your love," so be very careful. If, while the tea is being made, the lid, removed to pour in the water, is forgotten, it is a sure sign of a new arrival. If a tea stalk floats in the cup it is called a "beau," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round, and then hold the spoon upright in the centre of the cup. If the "beau" is attracted to the spoon and clings to it he will be sure to call very shortly, if not that very evening; but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup he will not come. If you want to know how many years will elapse before you may expect to be married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon partly with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of the tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops—each one stands for a year. It is a sign of fair weather if the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the centre of the cup. If they rush to the sides it will surely rain before night.

The following is not without interest:

"A superstitious reverence for the dead accomplished years ago in China something that regard for the comfort and safety of the living, even when aided by judicial mandates and radical municipal methods, has been only partially able to accomplish in this country," said a telegraph lineman who was in the employ of the company that established the first telegraph line in China. "The telegraph wires are placed underground there, and if the company had not so disposed of them there would have been no telegraph lines in China to this day. Dead ancestors are held in peculiar reverence in that curious country, and the casting of a shadow upon the grave of an ancestor is looked upon by the Chinese as an insult not to be borne, and it is always resented with impetuous rage. Now there there are no cemeteries or general burying grounds in China, but every family's ancestors, particularly in the rural districts, are buried on the family premises. Consequently, every yard or garden is a receptacle of ancestral remains, and as China is thickly populated, the revered bones of dead and gone Mongolian progenitors may be found resting beneath every few rods of earth. When the telegraph company went to work to put up the poles on which to hang its wires the workmen were embarrassed every little while by wrathful Chinamen, who would rush angrily upon certain poles and chop them to the ground, and warn the workmen with much furious chatter that they would put them up again at their peril. The cause of this interference was unknown to the workmen, who were at last forced to discontinue the work, and explanation was demanded by the authorities. Then it was learned that the poles that were cut down had cast a shadow some time during the day on the graves of revered ancestors of Chinamen, and the insult could be wiped out in no other way but by summarily removing the poles. It was found that this superstition was too sacred a one among the Chinese to be overcome by persuasion or bribery, and at last the telegraph company, as a matter of economy and self-protection, laid their wires beneath the surface, where they have been ever since."

Other superstitions say: A baby must never see its image in a looking-glass until all its teeth are out. Bad luck always follows the removal of the wedding-ring. If you find two spoons in your cup or saucer it is a certain omen that you will never wed. Someone is thinking of you when your nose itches. The itching of the right palm indicates that you will soon shake hands, and that of the left that you are to receive money; while if the soles of your feet disturb you in ike manner you are to journey over strange ground.

The potency of the horseshoe is the same the world over; but in Scotland, if you find one you must throw it over your left shoulder in order to secure good luck during the month to come.

The spilling of salt is unlucky, but evil may be warded off if you toss a portion over your shoulder. When the fire is blown, if the sparks fly spitefully, strangers are to visit you. Even numbers are lucky and odd ones are calamitous. In handing any object or article of food to another, if it falls or spills it is a certain sign of much further intercourse; but if by chance any two persons wash in the same bowl of water they are certain to quarrel.

Entering service or beginning any enterprise or journey on Saturday will compel an unfortunate outcome. The same superstitions regarding cauls and children born with cauls exist in Scotland as elsewhere in Europe. When a spider is found on one's clothing or person money will shortly be received. A gift of a knife or other sharp-edged utensil is always to be avoided.

INDIA'S BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—It is said that many of the women of India are very beautiful, especially in Cashmir, but that it is difficult to get a sight of them, and almost impossible to obtain a picture of one of them. Either they or their husbands appear to look with rooted distrust on the photographer, and even when their photographs are taken they rarely give permission for copies to be sold. In a typical Hindoo beauty the skin is just dark enough to give a rich, soft appearance to the complexion. The features are regular, the eyes mild and black and shaded by long silken lashes; the hands and feet are small and elegantly formed; the demeanor is modest, the manners gentle, and the voice low and sweet.

Grains of Gold.

Consistency is a jewel often sold to pay the price of success.

Do your duty in little things and you will be faithful in great ones.

In business three things are necessary—knowledge, temper and time.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.

It is never hard to do the right thing after the mind has been made up.

The devil never asks anybody to take a long walk with him to begin with.

How cheap some people will sell themselves for the promise of spot cash.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most without regretting it.

If angels had to live with some men, there would probably be more fallen ones.

When men try to get more good than comes from well-doing, they always get less.

A misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer.

Failures in conduct follow failures in faith and courage. If the faith is wrong the life will be wrong.

The right kind of a man will not sit down and groan because somebody tells him the sun has spots on it.

Devotion inspires men with sentiments of religious gratitude and swells their hearts with inward transports of joy and exultation.

Every single action of our life carries in its train either a reward or a punishment, however little disposed we are to admit that such is the case.

Femininities.

"Is her heart on her sleeve?" "No, on her hat."

Girl students are taught to sew in the free schools of Germany.

Misfortune, when we regard it with the eye, is smaller than when entertained by the imagination.

Mrs. James Van Norman, of Santa Anna, Cal., lately gave birth to a baby which weighed 17 pounds.

We believe we never knew a widower who was not abused because he did not visit his wife's grave oftener.

Good luck and bad luck is but a synonym, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment.

No man should ever steal a kiss without making sure beforehand that the girl knows what he is going to do sufficiently so that she may be all ready to do her share.

A shoemaker at Haverhill, Mass., has received an order for a pair of shoes for the Princess May—the Duchess of York—of England. The public will be interested to learn that May wears a No. 4.

Miss Harriet Adams, a daughter of Judge F. G. Adams, of Kansas, has been graduated in surgery from the State Medical College. She took the first prize for the commencement examination.

Dr. Wilfred Layton, of Montreal, recently removed six perfectly developed molars from the roof of a patient's mouth, whose only objection to their presence was that he couldn't cluck to his horse.

Judge Bonney, of Portland, Me., holds that a woman can make a good wife without being able to make good bread. Though an un-kneaded accomplishment, however it is a handy one in most households.

"When Mr. Higgins asked you to marry him, didn't you tell him that he must ask your mother?"

"I did, but he said she'd refused him long before he ever thought of asking me."

Mrs. Hannah Henry, of Hartford, Conn., declares that she is 104 years old. She is deaf and blind, and has lost the sense of taste and power of memory. She lives with Mrs. Freeham, her daughter, who is 80 years of age.

Miss Lena Sutter, a shop-girl, of Harlem, N. Y., who supported her mother and family on $6 per week, was so overjoyed at the raising of her salary recently to $7.50 a week that she became delirious and died two days later.

Matoisi, a French physician, was so fond of administering medicine, that, seeing all the phials and pill boxes of a patient completely emptied and ranged in order on the mantelpiece, he said, "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

In cleaning the Goddess of Liberty poised on the highest pinnacle of the Texas State capitol, at Austin, the other day, it was discovered that a swarm of bees had made their home in the hollow head of the goddess, using the nostrils as an entrance, and had filled it half full of honey.

Those who want a potted plant for rooms which are not better lighted than the majority of city apartments would do well to adopt the sweet-scented tobacco plant. It does not open its petals well except out of the direct rays of the sun, is easily managed and blooms freely, while the root will last several years if it has its seasons of rest.

"Why are you so cross, Angela?"

"Oh! because I hate selfishness, aunt, and they're all of them so selfish!"

"What have they done?"

"Why they all want to go on the river, just when I want to play lawn-tennis."

"Well, you needn't go with them."

"Of course I needn't, but how am I to play lawn tennis all by myself?"

The Austrian Count who is resorting to personals in American newspapers to let it be known that he and his title can be had in marriage by a girl with the right kind of figure, will be grieved to learn that the foreign title has reached the bargain counter. A book has been published showing a large number of eligible Counts and Dukes, and even Princes, who are to be had at very low rates.

In an old log house in Russell county, Va. a remarkble family comprising five generations make their home. Isaac Hart, the father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great grandfather, is hale and hearty at the age of 97. Nearest to the old man in years is his daughter Julia, who is now in her 68th year. Her son Isaac is 45. He has a son Charles, 20 years old, who has been married four years and is now the father of a 3-year-old boy.

There are explanations that don't explain, as many people have discovered, according to an exchange. A gentleman, talking with a young woman, admitted that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific progress of the age. "For instance," said he, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now so extensively used, is procured." "Oh, it is simple," said the lady, with the air of one who knows it all. "You just turn a button over the lamp, and the lights appear at once."

Masculinities.

Blue-eyed men, observes a writer, are the most sentimental.

A speaking license is probably one taken by the instantaneous process while a man is talking.

A number of Colorado women are getting pledges in Denver from women willing to wear bloomers.

The hair-dressing crafts arose in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1659 there were 300 wigmakers in Paris.

Love is that sort of thing which makes a man's bank account of $200 seem abundantly large to go to housekeeping on.

The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

When more than 80 years old Mr. Gladstone renewed the study of the French language, and when 82 made his first speech in French.

A Lancaster woman became angry at fighting cats the other day, and, instead of throwing the customary brickbat at them, threw her false teeth.

Mrs. Cawker, quoting: "Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Mr. Cawker: "It ought to join your sewing society to find out."

One of the temperance evangelists now lecturing in England, under the auspices of Lady Somerset, is an American colored woman, Mrs. Amanda Smith.

A young gentleman who had just married a little undersized beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

Elvira and Elmira Fife, of Peterborough, N. H., who are 83 years old, and the oldest twins in New England, if not in the country, have for years lived separately, each doing her own cooking, etc., though in the same house.

A woman of South Pittston, Maine, stole a pair of shoes a few days ago, and upon reaching home found they were not mates. She promptly sent them back to the dealer with a messenger to be changed. Her gall so staggered him that he did not have her arrested.

Last season 12,000 head of game shot on the Sandringham estate was distributed by the Prince of Wales amongst his employes, tenants, railway officials, intimate friends and relatives. The circular game larder, which is detached from the house, holds as much as 600 head.

"Old Glory's" 76th birthday occurred on April 4th. It was on that date in 1818, that President Monroe approved a bill by which it was determined that our national flag should, in memory of the 13 original States, have 13 stripes, and as many stars as States in the Union each Fourth of July.

Miss Romance, at the theatre: "Note the precision with which the handsome actor steps across the stage. Every stride is exactly the same length."

Mr. Bohemian, a little jealous: "Yes, that habit of measuring the steps comes from walking on railway sleepers."

Mrs. De Temper: "I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?"

Lawyer: "His life is insured in your favor, isn't it?"

"Yes, I made him do that before we married."

"Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is."

Charles Dickens said that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

A Chicago merchant has all applicants for clerkships hold conversations over the telephone, and forms his opinion of their availability from their answers. He maintains that the day is rapidly approaching when three-fourths of all business will be transacted by telephone, and a clerk who is careless or indifferent in replying to inquiries will drive customers away.

An unusual scene was experienced in the office of Dentist L. E. Ketler, at Arlington, N. J., recently. A patient, John Riggs, was given gas, and it had no effect other than making him act strangely. He sprang out of the chair and attacked Dr. Ketler, upsetting the furniture and breaking some glassware. The dentist called two men to his assistance, who held Riggs down on the floor while he extracted ten teeth.

Mrs. De Pink: "Oh! oh! oh! I shall go distracted."

Mr. De Pink, springing to her side: "Merciful heavens! What has happened?"

"The washerwoman has made a mistake and sent me one of Mrs. Westend's lace handkerchiefs!"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? O you—you—. Why, Mrs. Westend must have received my miserable cheap imitation lace handkerchief, and it has my name on it."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

An electric blue cloth dress has the bodice made with its three seams at the back, outlined with bands of black guipure, glittering with jet and metallic blue sequins, while the side pieces in front are covered with the same trimming, the vest of the cloth being draped across the figure. The skirt is full and draped in the now inevitable fashion, and the costume is completed by a dainty little jet bonnet, trimmed with butterfly bows of sequined lace and two red roses.

Much attention is still devoted to the sleeves, which have as yet lost none of their prominence and are gathered or plaited in the inside seam to make the fulness even to the elbow. The lower part is sometimes wrinkled on the lining, a la Bernhardt, which is very effective if the material is soft and thin.

A little variation from the wrinkled collar is three flat bows of bias velvet set on a standing band, one directly in front and two on the sides, which meet in the back.

Crepon appears with a new face, the creping coarse and large, like the rugged stem of old tree bark. A good specimen of this is of a reddish brown tint, like a good cigar, is made up with a little edging formed of brown silk, crocheted over minute rings, large buttons being introduced on the bands of the skirt; the corrugated effect of the material was most excellent. The front of the bodice was trimmed with three plicated flounces, placed horizontally one above the other, of black crepe lisse, divided by a charming perpendicular band of light blue. A brown cloth with horizontal bands of exquisite white guipure, like old point lace laid over peach-colored mirror velvet of a resonant red tinge, shot with pink, has a distinct cape and large puffed sleeves, the skirt gracefully draped on the hips.

The materials worn by misses of 14 to 17 years are exactly the same as those selected by their mothers. This makes it convenient for retailers to sell short lengths of silk and wool, crepon, two toned and changeable nacking, cheviot, diagonal and serge dress goods.

They are trimmed with velvet, ecru or cream lace in open guipure designs, velvet ribbon and changeable taffeta in small designs; any of these fabrics—Fayetta, Henrietta, Lansdowne—are very pretty for girls of 14 to 16 years.

Mixed and plain mohair braids are useful for trimming the every-day dresses of girls and their very best attire is of light changeable taffeta in dot, sash and tiny designs, with chiffon and lace trimmings.

Bayadere materials sell for growing girls who are apt to be of slender build for their height. Customers do not know many of these points, but if buyers and clerks do, they can guide the sales accordingly.

For school dresses mixed cheviot is made up for a girl of 15 with a godet skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves and round waist buttoned up the back, with a circular basque piece added and a circular bertha. The two latter are cut in squares or tabs and edged with three narrow rows of black braid.

When a change is wished the yoke part above the bertha may be of changeable silk, and the crush collar of the same. Blue and brown figure more in misses' frocks than any other colors, though black touches are both stylish and popular.

Checked tweeds, diagonals and serges give serviceable wear and are simply edged with stitching or braid in widths from an inch down to a quarter of an inch.

There are many new and beautiful things in silks, the latest textures and patterns being elaborate accentuations of stuffs that we have known for years, only in a more highly developed form. All Oriental silks are in high favor. Pongees and striped Tokahamma silks now show bright and light colors as well as dark ones. India and China silks hold their own in the scale of popularity. They are seen in ivory, mauve, sky-blue, white and coral pink, in flower patterns and in quaint designs. Some of the surahs show rich shot effects. The shot glace surahs in blended hues are among the handsomest silks shown.

Capes get to be shorter and shorter, but they are of as rich material and trimming as possible.

Corselets are worn a great deal and in many different styles. Some are of braided cloth, others of jet, others yet of embroidery.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING ON THE SUBJECT OF WASHING.

Washing Made Easy.—To save your linen and your labor pour on half a pound of soda two quarts of boiling water, in an earthenware pan; take half a pound of soap, shred fine, put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, stand it on a fire till it boils, and when perfectly dissolved add it to the former. Mix it well, and then let it stand till cold, when it has the appearance of a strong jelly. Let your linen be soaked in water, the seams and any other dirty part rubbed in the usual way, and remain till the following morning. Get your wash boiler ready, and add to the water about a pint basin full. When lukewarm put in your linen and allow it to boil twenty minutes. Rinse it in the usual way, and that is all which is necessary to get it clean and keep it in good color. The above recipe is invaluable to housekeepers. Give it a trial.

Washing Clothes Without Fading.—Wash and peel Irish potatoes, and then grate them into cold water. Saturate the articles to be washed in this potato water, and they can then be washed with soap without any running of the color. I have taken oil out of carpets saturated with this potato water, when simple cold water would make the color run ruinously; have set the color in figured black muslins, in colored merinos, in ribbons and other silk goods. Often the potato water cleanses sufficiently without the use of soap, but the latter is necessary where there is any grease. In such cases (without soap) I take the grated potato itself and rub the goods with a flannel rag. In woolen goods it is necessary to strain the water, else the particles will adhere, but this is not necessary on goods from which they can be well shaken.

A French Way of Washing Clothes.—A system of washing clothes has been introduced in some French towns which is worthy of special mention. Its economy is so great as to greatly reduce the cost. This is the process: Two pounds of soap are reduced with a little water to a pulp, which having been slightly heated, is cooled in ten gallons of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand. In this solution the white clothes are put and left there for two hours before washing them with a soap, taking care, in the meantime, to cover the tub. The solution may be warmed again and used once more, but it will be necessary to add a half a spoonful of turpentine oil and another spoonful of ammonia. Once washed with soap, the clothes are put in hot water, and the blue is applied.

This process, it is obvious, saves much labor, much time and fuel, while it gives the clothes a whiteness much superior to that obtained by any other process, and the destructive use of the wash board is not necessary to clean the clothes from impurities.

Bluing.—Bluing made from the following recipe has been in constant use in many families for several years. It does not injure even the finest clothes, and the cost is trifling compared with any other bluing. The quantity here noted has been known to last a family of six persons a year: Get one ounce of oxalic acid, one ounce of Chinese or Prussian blue (either will do), one quart of soft water. Put in a bottle and shake it well for two or three days after mixing it; after this do not shake it at all. If any of it settles to the bottom you can fill the bottle after using the first water. If when you buy it, it is not powdered, ask the druggist to powder it in a mortar for you. Unless the Chinese or Prussian blue is pure it will not be a success; it will precipitate and make the clothes spotted. Ask the druggist to warrant it, for if it is right it is unequaled by any bluing in the market, and it is a matter of great economy to use it; the quantity mentioned costing only about twenty cents.

Washing Hosiery.—Stockings that are stained or troublesome to clean are improved by being stretched out on a board and scrubbed with a handbrush. Colored stockings ought to be rinsed quickly and well, and opened by pulling them on the hands on each side, and holding them thus until the toe is reached, letting them fall, and pinning them by the top and side to the line. Woolen stockings are kept from shrinking if dried on a wooden shape of the right size. These are easily made from shingles of thin boards.

To Wash Colored Cottons.—Boil two quarts of bran in water for half an hour, let it cool, then strain it, and mix the liquor with the water in which the things are to be washed. They will only require rinsing, as the bran will stiffen them sufficiently. For colored muslins, rice-water is very good, as it helps to preserve the color; but, although it makes white muslins clear, it sometimes gives them a yellow tinge. When used it should previously be boiled in the proportion of one pound of rice to one gallon of water. No soap is required.

To Remove Rust from Linen.—Dissolve an ounce of oxalic acid in a pint of water, apply liberally to the spots of iron rust, then expose them to the sun's rays for half a day. The same will remove ink stains, but in either case it must have the first chance—that is, before soap suds or any other application. Label the bottle poison!

WISHINGS AND LONGINGS.

Did you never wish you had it? Of course you have a thousand times. You never would never be miserable any more if it could only be so. You are sure of that. It may be a fine house, a fine carriage, a fine garden; no matter what; the desire for it has taken the spice and flavor out of every blessing you possess. I once used to play with a little girl, who told me in confidence "that she should never be happy till she had a real true gold watch: and that she meant to be married, as soon as ever she could, to a rich man who would give her one."

For myself, I would much rather at that time have had a bunch of flowers; and I didn't suppose she really meant what she said, as she stood there, trying on her doll's bonnet. But she was in earnest; though I didn't know it. Sure enough, she got her rich husband and her gold watch; and was sick enough of both; as I have found out, before the honeymoon was well over.

One day I heard a boy say to his younger brother, who was crying lustily, "Now, Tom, I know you don't want anything; but what do you think you want?" That boy was a philosopher, and went to the root of the matter. It is not what we really want, but what we think we want, that frets most of us. Perhaps you tell me you suffer just as much as if your longing were a reasonable or a sensible one.

That's true too; but if you could only snatch to-day's legitimate happiness, instead of wondering if you could not get a great deal more for that to morrow which may never come to you, wouldn't it be wiser? The other day I went off into the woods, with a dear little girl, who is much more of a poetess than a philosopher. Not a patch of soft green moss, not the tiniest bud of a wild flower, or flitting butterfly, or bird, or tree-shadow on the smooth clear lake, escaped her bright, glad eyes. The first flower she found enraptured her, and she climbed quite a steep rock with her miles of feet for the second, and so on till her tiny hands were full. Just then she found quite a bunch of bright pink blossoms; and I was so glad for her; when suddenly she burst into such a grieved cry, "Oh, dear! oh dear! what shall I do? I can't hold them all!"

If we'd only think of that!—that "we can't hold them all;" that in order to grasp that which is the moment's wish, we must let something else drop that we prize; something that we can never retrace our steps, in life's devious paths, to proclaim. It may be health, or character, or life itself, for that which is so perishable, so unsatisfying, so harmful, that we can never cease wondering how the "glamor" of it could have dazzled our mental and moral vision. The little child I speak of, who clambered up the rock to secure that one flower, was happier in its possession than with the myriads that she afterwards found lying at her very feet. She had earned that one! She had encountered a fierce briar-bush; she had got her hands scratched in the conflict; she had tickled her little nose with a defiant twig; she had tangled her curls; she had scraped her little fat knee till it was red—and got it! All herself, too! I couldn't elaborate a better moral, if I preached an hour. We don't value happiness in heaps. It is the little sweet blossom, that comes unexpectedly in our way, that we love best after all. Isn't it so?

TRUTH GIVES NO TROUBLE.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, because it is plain and open, and fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Rdy, ame

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain-remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

'THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for Book of Advice.

THE SCOTCHMAN OUTWITTED.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legal, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness, wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the south, directed his gilly to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the north, from whence the London steamer sailed.

Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighborhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable, that the Englishman complained to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him.

The Scotchman replied, that "the natives always make a point of imposing as much as possible upon strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage it for you; for with all their inclination to knavery, they are the simplest people under the sun."

A few days afterwards, going out shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman, appproaching him, after the usual salutation, "What are you going to do with the peats?"

"I'm going to Inverness to sell them," was the reply.

"What do you get for them?"

"One shilling and eightpence, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I will buy them, if you will be sure to deliver them for me at Inverness."

"That I will, and thank you, too, sir."

All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round and said, "Bye-the-bye, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on the top of the peats?"

"That I will, and welcome, sir." "Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening, I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time."

He did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eightpence, although neither the same man nor any of his neighbors would forward the box alone for less than eight shillings.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Happily, a mother's love is something upon which the great majority of mankind can look back—reverently and fondly look back—for an objective representation of its main characteristics. Oh, the unselfishness of it! How, months before it can be returned by anything beyond a momentary dance of light in her child's eyes, or a curvature of its toothless mouth into a smile, or a crow, or a fling of the limbs, expressive of enjoyment, it pours itself out in seemingly wasteful superabundance, intent on giving rather than receiving, rejoicing to minister rather than be ministered to, accepting without a murmur days of care sometimes flecked with pain, and nights of broken rest, and rendering without stint unnumbered services which to others would be self-denial, but the irksomeness of which her ever-gushing affection, without a moment's pause of self-consciousness, cleanses away, and renders invisible! And then the patience and long-suffering of it—the faults it will cover over with its ever-ready mantle, the negligences it will drop tears over in secret and openly forgive, the affronts it will survive, the disappointment it will endure and conceal, the ingenuity it will display in devising plausible excuses and even satisfying reasons for manifest wrongs, and the eagerness with which it will take upon itself, if possible, the consequences of transgression. There is nothing quite like it in this world of ours—nothing so morally beautiful: a self-fed, self-sustaining love, which can traverse wide deserts, and, like the camel, keep itself alive upon its little hoards of remembered joy, when all other love fails—the one human love that spends itself wholly upon its objects, and the roots of which even ingratitude cannot entirely kill. But, when returned, as in some measure it mostly will be, to what strength and beauty of self-sacrifice will it not grow!—yet, under any circumstances, chiefly a sorrow-bearing love, of which the joys are cares, the duties are inflictions of pain upon itself, the pride is nourished to be bestowed elsewhere, and the fondest gain is the sorest loss. About every true mother there is the sanctity of martyrdom—and when she is no more in the body, her children see her with the ring of light around her head.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The following beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember ever to have heard: "On the passage of the ship Anaxander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks, that he was threatened by the captain, if they were continued, that he would confine him in a water-cask. Our youngster, however, took no heed, and on again offending, was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled over into the sea. The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach at St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, but without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking round it, one of them switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it, as we say, into a cocked hat. The boy, thus providentially released, was discovered by some fishermen on the Point and taken into Appalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north by the way of Columbus."

CATERING TO WOMAN'S VANITY.—A flourishing establishment in New York derives most of its income from lending jewelry on hire, instead of selling it outright, to women who cannot afford to buy.

The business is a perfectly legitimate one. Only a fair amount of interest is charged for the use of the goods and nothing is ever attempted in the way of deceiving customers as to the actual value of the jewelry they hire.

You can go to this shop and get a watch set with turquoise, to wear on the lapel of your new electric blue gown, and you can keep the watch as long as you please by paying the rate of interest agreed upon when you take possession of it.

Of course you must pay a deposit amounting to the full value of the turquoise bauble before you take it out of the shop, but when you go back with it all the money will be refunded except the small sum charged for its use. It is so with diamonds and rings. Indeed, the whole list and category of jewelry might be included.

On the night of a large ball the shop will be nearly cleared of its rentable stock. But by next day noon everything is returned, and the jewels, newly polished and glittering as ever, are back in their cases waiting for the next hiring out.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.—That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, salt, or gum arabic dissolved.

That paraffin will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them pliable as new.

That salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

That paraffin will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth, sprinkled with salt.

INGRATITUDE.—It is an old story, that of the Peruvian silver mines. We have read how the runaway slave, hunted by his pursuers, fled up the mountain side, and clinging to the branches of a young sapling which grew there, tore it from the ground, and discovered at its roots the precious metal which revealed Potosi's untold wealth. That young sapling was never planted again. It might have lived for many and many a year on the fertile mountain side; birds might have built their nests in the branches of it, and weary travelers slept beneath its shade. But it told of the mines of Peru. That was enough. A nobler work that than sheltering weary travelers, or fluttering young green leaves in the sunshine. And having done its work, they let it die. So, in many a human heart, the rude hand of disappointment, tearing up the bright flowers of hope and promise, finds at their roots the shining ore which tells of silver beneath. And when that wealth is won, who shall mourn if the flowers, that might have been so fair, wither unheeded on the ground whose treasures they have died to reveal!

EULA JEFFERSON, a practical miner of Dahlonega, Ga., owes a fortune to a negro's dream. A colored barber dreamed that there was gold on a strip of land not far away from his cottage. Jefferson was his confident. He dug there, and found the gold. Then he bought the land for a trifle. The barber will get a share of the profits.

AGENTS $75 A WEEK AT HOME selling or using PRACTICAL PLATING DYNAMO. The most economical method, used in all factories to plate new goods. Plates gold, silver, nickel, etc., on watches, jewelry, table-ware, bicycles and all metal goods; the outfit for agents; different sizes; always ready; no battery; no test; no experience; no limit to plating needed; a great money maker.

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THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

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An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

WHY, CERTAINLY.

Deep in her eyes of bonnie blue
I saw the love light shine;
"Sweet love," I softly asked, "will you
Be mine?"
She raised her head and breathed a sigh—
Her eyes with tears were wet,
And blushingly she made reply,
"You bet."

—U. N. Nose.

Out on a lark—Feathers.

The most rickety building—A hayrick.

The only thing that can live in a fire—A live coal.

The man who marries all his wife's family is not usually tried for bigamy.

"I feel very much put out," said the bum, as the bartender fired him through the doorway.

Dinks: "Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?"
Danks: "No; but Smith was."

Mamma: "Well, what did you see at the Museum of Art, Freddy?" "A hull lot of stone women in der birfday clothes."

Dedbroke, borrowing five: "Words can never repay this kindness, old man."
Cumso: "No; I don't think they can."

"Poets are born, not made?" he said loftily. "I know it," said the editor, "and that is the reason there are so many of them."

Maud: "What is the height of your ambition, dear?"
Marie, blushing: "Oh, something between 5½ and 6 feet."

"Why did you kiss my daughter against her will?"
"She said I'd have to kiss her against her will or not at all."

This is the time of year when the man, forgetting how he had to dig the garden, beat carpets and rake the front yard, wishes he were a boy again.

Nell: "Maude and her best young man had a falling out last night."
Belle: "Dear me! What was the matter?"
Nell: "The hammock broke down."

Mrs. Binks: "Dame Fortune has been smiling on Neighbor Hicks, I hear."
Mrs. Jinks: "Oh, the horrid old wretch; and his poor, dear wife not dead a month!"

They were recently betrothed, and he was speaking of an old love. He: "Oh, yes, Cynthia was a very pretty girl; but she died, you know." She, jealous: "Golden or auburn?"

"See here," remarked the counsel for the defense to the important witness, "I'll give you a twenty-dollar gold piece if you leave town."
"Done," replied the important witness; "I always did believe that silence was golden."

Husband, vituperatively: "I was a fool when I married you, Mary!"
Wife, quietly: "Yes, Tom, I know you were! But what could I do? You seemed my only chance; and I thought then that you might improve a little with time."

Customer: "Is the proprietor in?"
Waiter: "Yes, sir."
Customer: "Take this steak back and ask him to jump on it."
Waiter: "You'll have to wait awhile, sir. There are two other orders ahead of you."

"You lazy boy," said his father, as he swung the switch, "may be this will quicken you a little."
"I may be lazy," sobbed the boy, "but I'm always quick enough to catch one thing."
"What's that?"
"A licking."

"Did John get that place in the Government service?"
"No; turned down on spelling and geography."
"Poor fellow! What's he doing now?"
"Teaching school and running for Superintendent of Education."

"I don't want my mother to marry again," said a little boy one morning at the breakfast-table.
"Why not?" was asked, with some surprise.
"Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

She: "George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man?"
He: "I am that, Mary. Why?"
"Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business."
He maintained his reputation.

"Will you be my wife?"
That was the conundrum he had asked her.
It is a conundrum which has been asked many times, and many men have had to give it up.
"I must have time to reply," she said.
"How much time will you require?"
"Really, I don't know. There are seven ahead of you, but I hope to clean up all my unfinished business before the summer-hotels open."

Cows that Steal Milk.—Did you ever see a cow wearing a bridle with a number of sharp iron spikes on it? The writer never did till the other day.

"What is that bridle-like thing for?" he asked the farmer to whom the animal belongs.

"To keep her from milking the other cows," was the reply. "If she didn't have that on we should find two or three cows dry to-morrow. But as soon as she gets her head under a cow the spikes run into the flesh and off the cow goes.

"I once put the bridle on a heifer that had been up to the same game, and I watched her to see how she went on. She walked up to a cow, and, after a little dodging about, put down her head to suck it dry. But the spikes must have run well into the cow, for she landed out her foot as savage as could be, and sent the heifer clean over on her back. I don't think any animal ever was more astonished than that heifer."

"Respect the Characters."—One very curious circumstance noticeable in Chinatown (the Chinese quarter of San Francisco) is that there is not to be found either in the streets or the alleys, a scrap of paper with Chinese characters, written or printed upon it. These people have the greatest admiration and respect for the characters, not only on account of their beauty and antiquity, but because the great Confucius himself, they say, gave them to his countrymen.

At the entrance of every house, and at all the street corners, waste paper baskets are hung, upon which are inscribed "Respect the Characters," and men are hired to go about and gather up any pieces that may have fallen or blown down.

It may be interesting to note incidentally that the word "joss" used by all Chinese in America for "God," is not a Chinese word at all, but a corruption of the Spanish missionaries' term—"Dios."

Discrimination.—There is hardly a department of life, from the most private and secret thought up to the most public and wide-spread action, that would not be purified, exalted, and made more valuable by the presence and the increase of discrimination. It shows us, for one thing how largely the intellectual life enters into and influences the moral and the social. For, although there must be the will to make these distinctions, there must be behind it the power to do so; and this power is largely gained and strengthened by strictly mental exercise. Thus it should form one of the most important parts of all education, and the studies that lead up to it should be held in high esteem, while the continual practical application of it to the every day affairs of life, especially in all social relations, should never be remitted.

An Innovation.—An extraordinary event took place a short time ago at Kasan, Russia.

The ladies of that town held a public demonstration in order to compel their husbands and other male relatives to grant them admission to their clubs where gambling is carried on. These ladies had firmly resolved not to stay at home alone any longer while their husbands were paying their respects to the queen of spades.

The demonstration turned out a complete success, for the ladies of Kasan are now admitted to the clubs which their husbands attend. They even bring babies with them.

This innovation must be highly gratifying to the male frequenters of the said clubs.

Greek Brigands.—The famous Greek brigand, Margonis, who has recently given himself up to the authorities, has for thirteen years been almost supreme in the district round Parnassus. He was a farmer and owner of houses as well as a robber. He made great profits, because he obtained all his labor for nothing. No peasant dared resist when ordered to do a day's work for Margonis. He prided himself on the fairness with which he distributed his tasks, exacting most from those who could best afford it. He was an invaluable election agent, for the political persuasion of his rifle could not be withstood. He is guilty of four murders, so far as is known.

Too Familiar.—Complaint is made in Indian papers of the habit that Bengalee boys have acquired of shouting out "Good-morning" every time they see a "Sahib" within earshot. The cry, if familiar, is not in itself disrespect; but the "Sahibs" are said to be little pleased and sometimes annoyed when they are accosted with a dozen of these "Good mornings." It is suggested that if the Bengalee boys could be induced to tack on the word "Sir" to their salutations, the Sahibs might be less disposed to repulse these well-meant familiarities.

A Cautious Man who Looked Ahead.—He was a mathematical fellow, and given to making intricate calculations on paper. His marriage was to take place on Friday; but he suggested to his prospective mother-in-law that it had better take place on Thursday. "Why do you wish it changed?" she asked, suspiciously. "Well," said he, "I have been making a calculation, and I find that my silver wedding will come on a Saturday evening; and that would never do, as that is the evening I have to go to the lodge."

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—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

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One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. The Saturday Evening Post gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "Bright Eyes" and "Blonde and Brunette." These pictures are two of the most beautifully artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up without frame or glass. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Navy Pay Office, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. Russell, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
Leonard Myers,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

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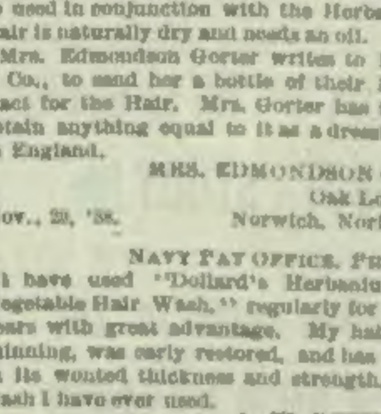

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Buffalo Day Express. Parlor and Dining Car.	daily 9.00 A. M.	Via Main Line
Chicago Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 6.45 P. M.	
Buffalo Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.45 P. M.	
Williamsport Express. (Parlor cars.	week-days 8.35, 10.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.	
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper.	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m. (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining cars), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 5.35, (dining cars) p m, 12 10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8 35 (dining car) p m. 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 12.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11 30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.20 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11 30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.20 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.20 p m

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

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